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ST. OLAVE'S HYMNAL



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Jas Edmund Jones
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Sing ye praises with understanding.

Ps. xlvii. 7.

I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.

1 Cor. xiv. 15.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

George Herbert.

HYMNS FOR USE IN

ST. OLAVE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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MAIOREM

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ΙΝΑ ΟΜΟΘΥΜΑΔΟΝ ΕΝ ΕΝΙ ΣΤΟΜΑΤΙ ΔΟΞΑΖΗΤΕ
ΤΟΝ ΘΕΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΠΑΤΕΡΑ ΤΟΥ ΚΥΡΙΟΥ ΗΜΩΝ
ΙΗΣΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ

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X

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong Minds, and Hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain
The cunning Hand and cultured Brain.

She heeds no sceptic's puny hands,
While near her School the Church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her Church-spire stands the School.

Whittier.

I

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.
Ps. xc. 1.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

The eternal God is thy dwelling-place, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Amen.

From a paraphrase of Psalm xc. 1–5, in nine stanzas, by Isaac Watts, 1674–1748 (1719). 'O God' was substituted for 'Our God' in lines 1 and 21, and other variations were made in lines 7 and 23, by John Wesley (1737).

II

Βλέπομεν ἄρτι δι ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι.
1 Cor. xiii. 12.

Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovran will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1731–1800 (circa 1778).

So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too,
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!'

Browning

III

Πολυμερῶς καὶ πολυτρόπως πάλαι ὁ Θεὸς . .

Heb. I. 1.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove:

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Knowledge is understanding by sense, Faith is understanding by love.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Alfred Tennyson, 1809–1892 (1849): from the Proem to In Memoriam; stanzas 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought. *Tennyson.*

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much:
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more. *Cowper.*

IV

The word is nigh thee. Rom. x. 8.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above,
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down:
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For him no depths can drown.

He cometh not a king to reign;
The world's long hope is dim:
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years,

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

See next note.

V

I am the light of the world. John viii. 12, ix. 5.
I am the way, and the truth, and the life. John xiv. 6.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us: thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And, naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable,
Thy saving name is given:
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893 (1856). Both this and the preceding hymn are drawn from 'Our Master,' the former consisting of stanzas 1, 2, 5, 7, 12–16, and this of stanzas 16–18, 20, 26, 30, 31.

VI

He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.
John xiv. 9.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun,

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

ΕΓΩ ΚΑΙ Ο ΠΑΤΗΡ ΕΝ ΕΣΜΕΝ

The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own:
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds:
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

Love never faileth.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit overbrooding all
Eternal Love remains.

Alone, O Love ineffable,
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893 (1856): stanzas 16, 24, 25, 27, 28, 9, 31, from 'Our Master.'

VII

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Matt. vii. 21.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Who hates, hates thee; who loves, becomes
Therein to thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around;
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound:

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893 (1856): stanzas 34, 35, 22, 36–38, from 'Our Master.'

VIII

The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty giveth me life. Job xxxiii. 4.

n him we
ive and
nove and
nave our
being.

Enduring Soul of all our life,
In whom all beings blend;
Unchanging peace mid storm and strife
Our parent, home, and end:

Through thee the worlds with all they bear
Their mighty courses run;
Through thee the heavens are passing fair,
And splendour clothes the sun.

PIRITVS
NTVS ALIT

Where'er the living soul looks out
From eyes of beast or bird,
Or tendril yearns in time of drought,
Or forest leaf is stirred;

Thy Spirit breathes, thy way is seen,
O fount of living force,
Who art and hast for ever been,
The world's eternal source.

No noble work was e'er begun
Which came not first from heaven;
No loving deed was ever done
Without thine impulse given.

O fill me now, thou living power,
With energy divine;
Thus shall my will from hour to hour
And day by day be thine.

Ebenezer Sherman Oakley, b. 1865: stanzas 5 and 6 are here omitted, and the last line is varied.

IX

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness. Ps. lxv. 11.

Rejoice, the Lord is King! **Rejoice in**
Your Lord and King adore; **the Lord**
Children, give thanks and sing, **alway.**
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

His wintry north-winds blow, **Again I say,**
Loud tempests rush amain; **Rejoice.**
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air;
The vales their tribute bring,
And summer flowers are fair:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

His autumn crowns the year;
His flocks the hills adorn;
He fills the golden ear,
And loads the field with corn:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

Lead on your fleeting train, **The Lord**
Ye years, and months, and days; **is at hand.**
Bring in the eternal reign
Of love and joy and praise:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, in prayer and praise rejoice.

The first stanza is part of a hymn by Charles Wesley, 1707–1788 (1744); the following stanzas are by John Taylor, 1750–1826 (1795). Variations occur in the refrain as well as in lines 3, 16, 19, 23; and the fourth stanza is omitted.

X

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

Song of Songs ii. 11, 12.

Thou renewest the face of the earth.

The spring again is here,
  Life wakes from winter's gloom;
In field and forest far and near
  Sweet opening flowerets bloom.

O mystery strange and sweet!
  That life so dumbly bound
Should rise our thankful gaze to greet
  And break from underground.

The morn is fresh and bright,
  The slow dark hours depart:
Let days unstained and pure delight
  Bring sunshine to the heart.

Lord, touch our careless eyes;
  New life, new ardours bring,
That we may read thy mysteries,
  The wonder of thy spring.

Arthur Christopher Benson, b. 1862.

O favours, every year made new!
  O gifts, with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
  The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on:
  We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
  That casts it, shines behind us still.

Whittier.

XI

Behold, I make all things new. Rev. xxi. 5.

O life that makest all things new,—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men,—
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again:

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
The lovers of the Light are one;

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God:

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,
The life that maketh all things new.

Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892.

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red plowed hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

Opens a door in heaven
From skies of glass,
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain walls
Young angels pass.

Tennyson.

XII

Let the field exult, and all that is therein; then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy. Ps. xcvi. 12.

The summer days are come again;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover fields,
And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy moods
Of love and joy and prayer.

The summer days are come again;
The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing.
We know who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim;
For summer joy in field and wood
We lift our song to him.

Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892.

O painter of the fruits and flowers,
We own thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
May share the works of thine!

Apart from thee, we plant in vain
The root and sow the seed;
Thy early and thy latter rain,
Thy sun and dew we need.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon;
The curse of earth's gray morning is
The blessing of its noon.

Whittier.

XIII

It is God that giveth the increase.
1 Cor. iii. 7.

We plough the fields and scatter — **Thou**
The good seed on the land, — **openest**
But it is fed and watered — **thine hand.**
By God's almighty hand:
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
Refrain: All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

He only is the maker — **they are**
Of all things near and far; — **filled**
He paints the wayside flower, — **with good.**
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him;
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble thankful hearts.

Jane Montgomery Campbell, 1817–1878 (1861): from the German of Matthias Claudius 'Wir pflügen und wir streuen,' 1740–1815 (1782).

XIV

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it; the river of God is full of water: thou providest them corn, when thou hast so prepared the earth. Thou waterest her furrows abundantly; thou settlest the ridges thereof: thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.

Ps. lxv. 9, 10.

God of creation, who hast done
No work of life in vain,
The growth of spring in thee begun
By thee is crowned again:
Thine is the fervour of the sun,
The affluence of the rain.

The clouds upon thy mission go,
And break as thou hast willed:
The soft airs murmur to and fro
When winter's wrath is stilled:
And earth as part of heaven we know
By spring's Shekinah filled.

The raindrops are thy visitings,
With noiseless mercies shod:
Each fresh young life that blooms or sings
Declares where thou hast trod:
The summer of all living things
Is but thy smile, O God.

And since no sparrow falleth prone
Beyond thy vast decree,
No arctic wastes or burning zone
Can unremembered be,
So near the footstool to the throne,
So dear the world to thee.

Yet closer to thy thoughts of love
Our life, with all its powers:
Grant now thy quickening from above,
That kindred joy be ours:
In our responsive spirits move,
As April in the flowers.

Refresh us, Lord; one look of thine
Transfigures all our way.
O give us in the life divine
An ampler growth, we pray;
And in our souls by shade or shine
Work thou thy perfect day.

Mary Rowles Jarvis, b. 1853: from Sunshine and Calm (1883); line 9 varied.

XV

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth unto his own flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life. Gal. vi. 7, 8.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home:
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home.

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home:
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home.

Henry Alford, 1810–1871 (1844; lines 19, 20 as in 1867).

XVI

O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him for ever and ever.

From the Prayer of Azarias, standing in the LXX. after Dan. iii. 23 and before Dan. iii. 24.

'Tis winter now: the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear:
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow;
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God, who giv'st the winter's cold
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days!

Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892.

Here Nature, hopeful, waits the winter through
The touch that makes anew;
The tempest that bereaves
Gives space for sunbeams, and the wind, that grieves
In mournful requiem over last year's leaves,
Rocks cheerily on high
The buds that shall make summer by and by.

O bounding heart, intolerant of rest,
Things waited for are best!
Far down, where none may see,
The certain spring-time lives in moss and tree;
God keepeth truth with thousands, and with thee:
Bear well his winter's strength—
All flower and fruitage shall be thine at length.

Mary Rowles Jarvis.

XVII

Thou visitest the earth.

Ps. lxv. 9.

Praise to God, and thanksgiving!
Hearts, bow down; and voices, sing!
Praises to the glorious One,
All his year of wonder done!

Praise him for his budding green,
April's resurrection scene;
Praise him for his shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers.

Praise him for his summer rain,
Feeding, day and night, the grain;
Praise him for his tiny seed,
Holding all his world shall need.

Praise him for his garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit;
Praise for hills and valleys broad,
Each the table of the Lord.

Praise him now for snowy rest,
Falling soft on nature's breast;
Praise for happy dreams of birth
Brooding in the quiet earth.

For his year of wonder done,
Praise to the all-glorious One!
Hearts, bow down; and voices, sing!
Praise and love and thanksgiving!

William Channing Gannett, b. 1840 (1872).

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Ps. xc. 4.

If Time were all, each passing year would bring
A deeper shadow underneath his wing
To cloud the New Year's vernal blossoming,—
If Time were all!

If Time were all, then, seeing youth depart,
New years would bring new heart-ache to the heart,
And plunge the deeper Death's perennial dart,—
If Time were all!

But Time is but a dream, and Love abides,
Love, the one fact, one truth with many sides,
More loving often when his face he hides,
And shadows all.

Great Love is God: through holy bondage, he
Makes all his children beautiful and free
For that new golden year when Love will be
Our joy in all.

Annie Matheson.

XVIII

Then Samuel took a stone . . . and called the name of it Eben-ezer [or, The Stone of Help], saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

For thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Father and Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Be his footsteps comforted.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Henry Downton, 1818–1885 (1841): line 12 is altered, and stanzas 2 and 3 are here omitted.

Thou, O Lord, art our father; our redeemer from everlasting is thy name.—*Is. lxiii. 16.*

XIX

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. Rev. xxi. 1.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out our mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson, 1809–1892: from In Memoriam cvi. (1849). In line 19 'our' has been substituted for 'my.'

XX

O Lord, in the morning shalt thou hear my voice. In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee, and will keep watch.
Ps. v. 3.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care:
For the great Day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words, and ways.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

DOXOLOGY

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, b. 1637, Bp. of Bath and Wells 1685; imprisoned in the Tower 1688; d. at Longleat, March 19, 1710|11. Of the above stanzas (representing 1, 2, 3, 5, 14 of the original) 1, 4, 8 are from Ken's revision of 1709: none of these alters more than a single word of the earliest (1695) version, but 2 and 3 embody the alterations of Thomas Cotterill (1779–1823). See the next hymn.

XXI

O Lord, in the morning shalt thou hear my voice. In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee, and will keep watch.
Ps. v. 3.

All praise to thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

DOXOLOGY

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1637–1710|11. Of the above stanzas, representing 9, 12, 13, 14 of the original, 1, 3, 4 are from Ken's revision of 1709: none of these alters more than a single word of the earliest (1695) version. and it is retained unaltered in 2. See the preceding hymn.

XXII

Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. **Mal. iv. 2.**

Christ, whose glory fills the skies, **I am the Light of the world.**
Christ the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief,
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.—*Is. ix. 2.*

XXIII

In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above him stood the seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.

Isaiah vi. 1—3.

HOLY IS HIS NAME

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
  Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
  God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
  Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
  Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
  Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy: there is none beside thee
  Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
  All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and se
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
  God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber, 1783–1829 (1827).

Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—*Is. lvii. 15.*

They have no rest day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God, the Almighty, which was and which is and which is to come.—*Rev. iv. 8.*

XXIV

. . Until the day break and the shadows flee away.

Song of Songs ii. 17 (A.V.)

Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank thee for thy gift of light:
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find thee now more nigh.

O Lord of Light, 'tis thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own:
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great Dawn of God, we cry for thee.

Praise God our Maker and our Friend;
Praise him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song his name adore
Through heaven's great day of Evermore.

Francis Turner Palgrave, 1825–1897 (1862). Stanzas 2 and 3 omitted; line 5 varied.

My Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light
Thy holy name be blessed!

Now with the newborn day I give
Myself anew to thee,
That as thou willest I may live,
And what thou willest be.

H. W. Baker.

So when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

J. H. Newman.

XXV

His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.
Lam. III. 22, 23.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The noblest wishes are not noble deeds, And he does least who seeks to do the whole: Who works the best, his simplest duties heeds; Who moves the world, first moves a single soul.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go:—
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

Stanzas 6–9, 13–16 from 'Hues of the rich unfolding morn,' by John Keble, 1792–1866 (Sept. 20, 1822): l. 22 varied.

XXVI

Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.
Col. iii. 17.

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
But happy who can turn aside
For daily hymn and prayer.

Nor are these, Lord, the only walls
Wherein thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.

Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For thee, and not thy foe.

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

QVI LABORAT ORAT
QVI ORAT LABORAT

John Ellerton, 1826–1893 (1870): the first stanza, 'Behold us, Lord, a little space,' is here omitted, and lines 3, 4, 5, varied.

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

Matthew Arnold.

I have filled Bezalel with the spirit of God . . . to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones for setting, and in carving of wood, to work in all manner of workmanship.—*Exodus xxxi. 3.*

XXVII

I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. **Ps. xxxiv. 1.**

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burden be not light,
We need not toil from morn till night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Look up to heaven, the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the West,
When we shall sink to final rest.

William Wordsworth, 1770–1850 (1834): from the Labourer's Noonday Hymn; stanzas 4 and 5 are here omitted.

XXVIII

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. Ps. xci. 1.

Again, as evening's shadow falls, **The shadows of the evening are stretched out.**
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light! to thee we bow,
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain:
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892 (1859).

Nightly around each darkening slope
The light is sown in patient hope,
That the rich harvest of the dawn
May rise in golden splendour.

Mary Rowles Jarvis.

Light is sown for the righteous,
And gladness for the upright in heart.

Ps. xcvii. 11.

XXIX

At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were sick. . . . And he healed many. . . . Mark i. 32, 34.

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with fear and doubt,
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only thou canst cast them out;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends that give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy clear-discerning glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells, 1823–1900 (1868): lines 10, 23 varied. The hymn, consisting of 8 stanzas, opens thus:

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met,
O with what joy they went away!

XXX

Under his wings shalt thou take refuge. Ps. xci. 4.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken (1637–1710/11). These stanzas, which represent 1–5, 12 of the original (prob. written 1674), are taken from the version of 1695 as corrected in lines 4, 12, and 23 by that of 1709; further slight alterations have been admitted in lines 4, 14, 15, 17.

Let not the sluggish sleep
Close up thy waking eye,
Until with judgment deep
Thy daily deeds thou try.

He that one sin in conscience keeps
When he to quiet goes,
More venturous is than he that sleeps
With twenty mortal foes.

Printed anonymously in the last song-book of William Byrd, 'Psalms, Songs, and Sonnets,' 1611.

XXXI

I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.
Ps. xvii. 15.

God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

When we in the morn awaken,
Guide us thy way;
Keep our love and truth unshaken
In work and play;
In our daily task be near us,
In temptation ever hear us,
And with holy counsel cheer us,
The livelong day.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

These three stanzas are, respectively, by Reginald Heber, 1783–1826; Stopford Augustus Brooke, b. 1832; Richard Whately, 1787–1863 (1855). Line 14 varied.

XXXII

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
Ps. cxxi. 4.

Holiest, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he, who never weary
Watchest where thy people be.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe, if thou art nigh.
Should this night our spirit leave us,
And swift death our portion be,
Lord, in Paradise receive us,
There to dwell in peace with thee.

Father, to thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as thine;
Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

James Edmeston, 1791–1867 (1820). Lines 13–16 varied. The third stanza by E. H. Bickersteth, 1825–1906. The hymn originally began 'Saviour, breathe.'

Keep our conscience clear and blameless,
Open to thy Spirit's light;
Let not evil, dark and nameless,
Add new darkness to the night.

W. Romanis.

XXXIII

At evening time there shall be light.
Zech. xiv. 7.

Holy Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

When youth's brightness disappears,
Heal our sorrows, calm our fears;
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening time.

Great Life-giver, be thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, when we come to die,
Light at evening time;

Till, rejoicing more and more,
We behold, our troubles o'er,
Breaking on the heavenly shore
Light at morning time.

Richard Hayes Robinson, 1842–1892 (1869). The second and third stanzas are varied, and the fourth re-written, by Stopford A. Brooke.

The dim horizons of our utmost faith
Touch the bright slopes by sunset angels trod;
Upon that wayside sleep which men call death
Look down the stars of God.

Mary Rowles Jarvis.

XXXIV

The night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. **Ps. cxxxix. 12.**

Now that Day his wing has furled,
And the earth has gone to rest,
Take me, Shepherd of the world,
Home to sleep upon thy breast.

All the night, from dream to dream, **My God will**
Keep my spirit pure and bright; **enlighten**
Fill the darkness with the stream **my darkness.**
Of thine everlasting light.

If I waken, calm and fair
Be the thoughts that in me rise;
And thy presence in the air
Make my heart a paradise.

But if trouble haunt my heart,
If in pain I restless lie,
Unto me thy peace impart;
With thy boon of sleep be nigh.

So when Morn with sunlit wing
Wakens me to work and play,
I may rise with joy and sing
'God has turned my night to day.'

Stopford Augustus Brooke, b. 1832. Lines 1 and 17 are varied, and the fourth stanza re-written.

I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustaineth me.—*Ps. iii. 5.*

XXXV

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep. Ps. iv. 8 (A.V.)

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars their watches keep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould, b. 1834 (1865). Line 6 varied, and the doxology omitted.

XXXVI

Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Is. lx. 20.

O God of ages, in whose light
The darkness as the dawn appears,
Before whose clear unclouded sight
One day is as a thousand years,
Once more at eventide we come
To find in thee our rest and home.

Like shadows drifting o'er the hills,
Like waves that vanish on the shore,
Our little life its course fulfils,
Our days speed on, and are no more:
With thee eternal glories shine,
Unchanged, unchanging, and divine!

From thee are all the joys we know,
All gladness in thy presence springs;
By night or day we cannot go
Beyond the shadow of thy wings:
Our midnight and our noonday prove
How safe the shelter of thy love.

In the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

Grant now, we pray, for Jesus' sake,
Such blessing as thou deemest best;
To hands that droop and hearts that ache
Vouchsafe the comforts of thy rest;
Speak peace to those who wake and weep,
And give to thy beloved sleep.

Reach out thy guiding hand, O Lord,
To those who wander from thy ways;
By thy great wealth of love outpoured
Constrain and keep us all our days,
Till in life's eventide we come
To find in thee our heaven and home!

Mary Rowles Jarvis, b. 1853 (1883).

XXXVII

And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Isaiah xxxii. 2.

O Shadow in a sultry land,
  We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding like the night,
  Brings quietude and rest;
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
  In foretaste here possessed.

From all our wanderings we come,
  From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep,
  Amid its ebb and flow:
The grander sweep of tides serene
  Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the glare of day had lost
  The twilight vigil brings,
The breezes from celestial hills,
  The draughts from deeper springs,
The sense of an immortal trust,
  The touch of angel wings.

Charlotte Mellen Packard, b. 1839; the fourth stanza is omitted.

[He] went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.
Genesis xxiv. 63.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
  My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
  From those deep cisterns flows.

Longfellow.

The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

XXXVIII

Ἐν αὐτῷ ζῶμεν καὶ κινούμεθα καὶ ἐσμεν.

Acts xvii. 28.

O thou true life of all that live,
  Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway,
Who dost the morn and evening give,
  And through its changes guide the day;

Thy light upon our evening pour,
  So may our souls no sunset see,
But death to us an open door
  To an eternal morning be.

Translated from 'Rerum Deus tenax vigor,' a hymn sometimes attributed to Ambrose of Milan, by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878 (1848).

When our little day is ended,
When the dusk and dark have blended,
When the lights of time cease gleaming
O'er these tents of earthly dreaming,—
  Te rogamus—
Do not in that hour forsake us;
Let not dust and darkness take us;
Send thy dawn's clear splendour streaming
From the East of our redeeming,
  Te rogamus!

William Canton.

XXXIX

The Lord will bless his people with peace.
Ps. xxix. 11.

Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then with bowed hearts await thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day:
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,—
Darkness and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout this earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton, 1826–1893 (1866). Lines 4, 12, 13 varied, from the original 6×4. Stanza 4 omitted in the author's revised edition and 5 and 6 condensed into one, as above.

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—*John xiv. 27.*

XLV

Seek the Lord, and ye shall live; . . . seek him that maketh the Pleiades and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning. Amos v. 6, 8.

Slowly, with light slow fading,
The evening hours roll on;
And soon behind the cloudland
Will sink the setting sun.

So round my path life's mysteries
Their deepening shadows throw;
And as I gaze and ponder,
Dark and more dark they grow.

Yet still, amid the darkness,
I feel the light is near;
And in the awful silence
God's voice I seem to hear.

Father, the light and darkness
Are both alike to thee:
So to thy waiting servant
Alike they both shall be.

To thee I yield my spirit;
On thee I lay my load:
Fear ends with death,—beyond it
I nothing see but God.

Samuel Greg, 1804–1877 (1868). The original, consisting of 11 stanzas and beginning 'Slowly, slowly darkening,' was published under the title of The Mystery of Life in his 'Layman's Legacy,' 1877. Lines 1, 8, 15, and perhaps others, are varied.

Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

Rom. xiv. 8.

XLI

Their office was . . . to stand every morning to thank and praise the Lord, and likewise at even.
1 Chron. xxiii. 28, 30.

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

John Ellerton, 1826–1893. Written in 1870 for 'A Liturgy for Missionary Meetings.' Line 15 stands as altered by the author. The third stanza is here omitted.

We acknowledge space and silence to be his attributes; and when the evening dew has laid the noonday dust of care, and the vision strained by microscopic anxieties takes the wide sweep of meditation, and earth sleeps as a desert beneath the starry Infinite, the unspeakable Presence wraps us close again, and startles us in the wild night-wind, and gazes straight into our eyes from those ancient lights of heaven.

And to the same Omnipresence which the individual thinker thus consciously realises, the collective race of men is perpetually bearing an unconscious testimony. As if in acknowledgment of the mystery of God, as if with an instinctive feeling that his being is the meeting-place of light and shade, and that in approaching him we must stand on the confines between the seen and the unseen; all nations and all faiths of cultivated men have chosen the twilight hour, morning and evening, for their devotion; and so it has happened that all round the earth, on the bordering circle between the darkness and the day, a zone of worshippers has been ever spread, looking forth for the Almighty tenant of space, one half towards the East, brilliant with the dawn, the other into the hemisphere of night, descending on the West. The veil of shadow, as it shifts, has glanced upon adoring souls, and by its touch cast down a fresh multitude to kneel; and as they have gazed into opposite regions for their God, they have virtually owned his presence 'besetting them behind and before.' Our planet, thus instinct with devout life, girded with intent and perceptive souls, covered over, as with a divine retina, by the purer conscience of humanity, is like a living eye, watching on every side the immensity of Deity in which it floats, and grateful for the rays that relieve its native gloom.

James Martineau.

XLII

Lo, I am with you alway.
Matt. xxviii. 20.

The Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before this house we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold the day with rest;
Be he of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch he still shall keep,
Crown with his peace each toiler's day,
And guard his people's sleep.

John Ellerton, 1826–1893 (1870): lines 4, 10, 15 varied.

XLIII

Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent. Luke xxiv. 29.

The Lord is my light and my salvation.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1792–1866 (the version of 1827 is corrected above in lines 9, 12, and 16, by later editions). The poem (of which the above hymn consists of stanzas 3, 8, 12–14) opens thus:—

'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze:
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. Ps. ciii. 13.

Οὕτως οὖν προσεύχεσθε ὑμεῖς·

Πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς,
ἁγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου,
ἐλθάτω ἡ βασιλεία σου,
4 γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου,
5 ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς·
τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον·
καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν,
ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφήκαμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις ἡμῶν·
καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμόν,
10 ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ·‡

Ἐὰν γὰρ ἀφῆτε τοῖς ἀνθρώποις τὰ παραπτώματα αὐτῶν, ἀφήσει καὶ ὑμῖν ὁ πατὴρ ὑμῶν ὁ οὐράνιος· ἐὰν δὲ μὴ ἀφῆτε τοῖς ἀνθρώποις τὰ παραπτώματα αὐτῶν, οὐδὲ ὁ πατὴρ ὑμῶν ἀφήσει τὰ παραπτώματα ὑμῶν.

Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom come,
4 *Thy will be done,*
5 *As in heaven, so on earth.*
*Give us this day *our daily bread.* * Gr. *our bread for the coming day.*
And forgive us our debts,
As we also have forgiven our debtors.
And bring us not into temptation,
10 *But deliver us from †the evil one.* [†or, *evil*]

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Matt. vi. 9–15: in Luke xi. 2–4 'Father' is the only word left in the first line, while lines 4, 5, and 10 are wholly omitted, and other minor variations occur.

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‡ *Many authorities, some ancient, but with variations, add:*

ὅτι σοῦ ἐστιν ἡ βασιλεία καὶ ἡ δύναμις
καὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. ἀμήν.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
and the glory, for ever. Amen.

XLIV

Τούτου χάριν κάμπτω τὰ γόνατά μου πρὸς τὸν πατέρα, ἐξ οὗ πᾶσα πατριὰ ἐν οὐρανοῖς καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς ὀνομάζεται.

Eph. iii. 14.

Father of all, to thee
With loving hearts we pray,
Through Him, in mercy given,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
From heaven, thy throne, in mercy shed
Thy blessings on each bended head.

Father of all, to thee
Our contrite hearts we raise,
Unstrung by sin and pain,
Long voiceless in thy praise;
Breathe thou the silent chords along,
Until they tremble into song.

Father of all, to thee
We breathe unuttered fears,
Deep-hidden in our souls,
That have no voice but tears;
Take thou our hand, and through the wild
Lead gently on each trustful child.

Father of all, may we
In praise our tongues employ,
When gladness fills the soul
With deep and hallowed joy;
In storm and calm give us to see
The path of peace which leads to thee.

John Julian, b. 1839 (1874).

Two went to pray? O rather say,
One went to brag, the other to pray.

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where the other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod;
The other to the altar's God.

Richard Crashaw.

MORNING PRAYERS

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

O Lord God of Light, who didst cause thy Spirit from the beginning to brood in the darkness on the face of the deep, visit our hearts this day, we beseech thee, with the Sun of thy Righteousness, that we, discerning the evil of our nature and the glory of thy divine goodness, may shake off the slumber of sin, and fleeing unto thee, the only true Helper, may find in thee forgiveness and peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord God of Truth, whom to know is everlasting life, and to serve is perfect freedom, grant that we may draw near to thee in thought, word, and deed. Inspire us with the love of thy creatures and thy laws, that in all humility and teachableness, with patience and understanding, by honest and earnest labour, we may seek after knowledge as a blessing that cometh from thee. Whether it be our part to teach or learn, to rule or obey, make us feel thy presence in our several duties, filling us with reverence for the beauty and wonder of thy universe, and pouring on us a spirit of justice, gentleness, and mutual goodwill. Thus, by thy grace, may we so use this House of Learning, that we may prepare our powers of body, mind, and spirit, to advance the good of men and the glory of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

WEEKLY PRAYER

Eternal and ever-loving Father, Lord of the seed-time and the harvest, grant thy blessing, we beseech thee, to this thy School, and may there be, from these human fields, an abundant in-gathering.

May all here standing before thee resolve anew this week to do thy will, and serve thee, alike in work and play.

May those who teach be endowed with zeal, justice, patience, and sympathy; those who learn, with courage, modesty, reverence, and truth.

Teach those who through loss, or hurt, or disease, are not here, that evil and death and pain shall be subject unto thee; and may they be content to serve thee for a while by quiet fortitude and uncomplaining calm.

May all who serve this School by labour or thought receive from thee the reward which falls to faithful service.

May those who have gone forth from our midst be true and upright in word and deed, loyal to their brother-men, and worthy sons of England, knowing neither fear nor reproach.

And may we of St. Olave's School be a company of thy faithful soldiers, remembering that we are debtors to many for their gifts, and ready ourselves at all times to give our strength to the weak, our substance to the poor, our sympathy to the suffering, through Christ, our Leader and our Lord. Amen.

XLV

Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. Eccles. xii. 1.

Rank by rank again we stand,
From the four winds gathered hither:
Loud the hallowed walls demand
VNDE QVOMODO QVO Whence we come, and how, and whither.
From their stillness breaking clear
Echoes wake to warn and cheer;
Higher truth and holier good
Call our mustered brotherhood.

Ours the years' memorial store,
Hero days and names we reckon,
Days of brethren gone before,
Lives that speak and deeds that beckon.
We are members one of another. One in name, in honour one,
Guard we well the crown they won;
What they dreamed be ours to do,
Hope their hopes, and seal them true.

Brother, if with lure unblest
Tempterlike the past betrayed thee,
Rise once more to war addressed;
Fair the field, thy God to aid thee.
Lo! once more the morn begins,
Scatters as the cloud thy sins;
Rise, and bid thy morrow slay
Shades or shames of yesterday.

Forward then our battle go,
Comrades sworn one troth to render:
Life by fellow-life upgrow,
Strong for war, for helping tender:
Strong for war, whom Christ hath led;
Tender, for whose weal he bled;
Pure, for mute above us move
Wings of the immortal Love.

John Huntley Skrine, b. 1848 (1884).

XLVI

**In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee,
and will keep watch.**

Ps. v. 3.

Be thou the first on every tongue,
The first in every heart:
That all our doings, all day long,
Holiest, from thee may start.

Our bosoms, Lord, unburden thou,
Let nothing there offend;
That those who hymn thy praises now
May hymn them to the end.

Translated from the 'Somno refectis artubus' of Ambrose of Milan (340–397) by John Henry Newman, 1801–1890: stanzas 2 and 4.

Let thy chief terror be of thine own soul:
There, mid the throng of hurrying desires
That trample o'er the dead to seize their spoil,
Lurks vengeance, footless, irresistible,
As exhalations laden with slow death.
And o'er the fairest troop of captured joys
Breathes pallid pestilence.

George Eliot.

XLVII

God is light. 1 John i. 5.

Once more the Day-star rises bright;
Once more with faith we pray
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us on our way.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

And while the hours in order flow,
O Lord, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,—
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favour end.

Translated from the 'Iam lucis orto sidere,' ascribed to Ambrose of Milan, by John Henry Newman, 1801–1890 (1842): lines 1, 2, 16 varied.

And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against [all] giddy loose suggestions.

Shakespeare.

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe?

Milton.

XLVIII

Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.
Gen. xxviii. 16.

Father, before thy throne of light
The guardian angels bend,
And ever in thy presence bright
Their psalms adoring blend;
And casting down each golden crown
Beside the crystal sea,
With voice and lyre, in happy choir,
Hymn glory, Lord, to thee.

And as the rainbow lustre falls
Athwart their glowing wings,
While seraph unto seraph calls,
And each thy goodness sings;
So teach us now, as low we bow
To pray thee for thy grace,
That thou art here for all who fear
The brightness of thy face.

Here, where the angels see us come
To worship day by day,
Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
And love thee even as they;
With them to raise our notes of praise,
With them thy love to own,
That boyhood's time and manhood's prime
Be thine and thine alone.

Frederic William Farrar, 1831–1903 (1855): lines 13, 21 varied.

Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?—*Jer. iii. 4.*

God gives thee youth but once: keep thou
The childlike heart that will his kingdom be;
The soul pure-eyed that, wisdom-led, even now
His blessed face shall see.

Edward Clodd.

XLIX

φόβος οὐκ ἔστιν ἐν τῇ ἀγάπῃ.

1 John iv. 18.

God and Father, great and holy,
  Fearing naught we come to thee;
Fearing naught, though weak and lowly,
  For thy love has made us free:
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
  By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel-chorus,
    'Thou art Love, and Love alone.'

Though the world in flames should perish,
  Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Love of thee our hearts would cherish,
  Thou to us be all in all:
Yea, though heavens thy name are praising,
  Seraphs have no sweeter tone
Than the song our hearts are raising,
    'Thou art Love, and Love alone.'

Frederic William Farrar, 1831–1903 (1856): stanza 2 omitted, lines 11, 14 varied.

Let all men know that all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above:

. . . . .

Let all men count it true that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

Richard Chenevix Trench, 1807–1886.

GOD IS LIGHT

The gladdest light dark man can think upon.

Ben Jonson.

L

Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens. **Lam. iii. 41.**

Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Almighty, and shalt lift up thy face unto God. **Job xxii. 26.**

'Lift up your hearts!' We lift them, Lord, to thee;
Here, at thy feet, none other may we see:
'Lift up your hearts!' Even so, with one accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.

Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of Light, lift all our hearts to-day.

Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
O Lord of Truth, lift every Christian soul.

Above the storms that vex this lower state,
Pride, jealousy, and envy, rage, and hate,
And cold mistrust that holds even friends apart,
O Lord of Love, lift every brother's heart.

Lift us to thee, each boy, each master here,
Our friends, our homes, and all we count most dear,
Learning, and wit, grace, vigour, childish glee,
Lift them, O Lord, and lift them all to thee.

Lift every power that thou thyself hast given;
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven,
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

Then, as the trumpet-call, in after years,
'Lift up your hearts!' rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
'We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.'

Henry Montagu Butler, b. 1833: line 21 varied.

LI

He that loveth his life loseth it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. John xii. 25.

Who, living, leave the world behind,
And the rough paths of duty choose,
These shall a nobler guerdon find
Than life may win or death may lose;
The incarnate Truth, from heaven confessed,
Hath blessed them, and they shall be blessed.

While with sick heart unsatisfied
Through pleasure's idle gates we press,
Or, propped on ladders of our pride,
Assail the walls of happiness,
To suffering meek and patient poor
The Lord of heaven unlocks the door.

FVGIENTEM SEQVITVR FELICITAS

O happy, who have spurned the quest
Where only those that seek not, find!
O dowered with all, of naught possessed!
O rapturous vision of the blind,
When, every veil of earth withdrawn,
Upon them breaks the eternal dawn!

The hungry soul, the pure in heart,
The childlike spirit,—these are they
Who mid the loud world's Babel-mart
May walk with Jesus by the way,
And, kindred of the blest on high,
Live half in heaven before they die.

James Rhoades, b. 1841.

Jesus said:

Blessed are the poor in spirit;
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn;
for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek;
for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness;
for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful;
for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart;
for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers;
for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake;
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Matt. v. 3–10.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation;
for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord promised to them that love him.

James i. 12.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.
Blessed are they that serve the King.

LII

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.
Matt. v. 5.

A quiet heart, submissive, meek,
Father, do thou bestow,
Which more than granted will not seek
To have, or give, or know.

Each little hill then holds its gift
For my enraptured eyes;
Each mighty mountain then doth lift
My spirit to the skies.

Lo, then the running water sounds
With gladsome secret things;
The silent water more abounds,
And more the hidden springs.

Live murmurs then the trees will blend
To hold the birds in song;
The waving grass low tribute lend
Earth's music to prolong.

The sun will cast great crowns of light
On waves that anthems roar;
The dusky billows break at night
In flashes on the shore.

Each harebell, each white lily's cup,
The hum of hidden bee,
Yea, every odour floating up,
The insect revelry,

Each hue, each harmony divine,
The holy earth about,
Its soul will send forth into mine,
My soul to widen out.

And thus the great earth I shall hold
A perfect gift of thine,
Richer by these a thousand fold,
Than if broad lands were mine.

George Macdonald, 1824–1905 (1855): line 6 varied.

DUTY

Stern daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty, if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calmst the weary strife of frail humanity.

Stern Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

Wordsworth.

I care not to ask if there be dregs or tatters of human life such as can escape from the description and boundary of morals. Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.

Gladstone.

LAW

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort of manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

Hooker.

LIII

Quit you like men, be strong.
1 Cor. xvi. 13.

Lascia dir le genti.

Fear not what the world may say;
Hold the straight and narrow way
In the open light of day,
And play the man.

They will call thee poor and weak,
Being merciful and meek:
Heed not thou the words they speak,
But play the man.

Trust in God, and let them mock,
Vain as waves that surge and shock,
Broken on resisting rock:
Play thou the man.

Walter Chambers Smith. b. 1824. The original hymn, 'Gird your loins about with truth,' has six stanzas; the second and third are here varied.

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found:
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.

Milton, Paradise Lost, bk. v. 897–904.

LIV

We that are strong ought . . . not to please ourselves.
Rom. xv. 1.

Fall not out upon the way;
  Short it is, and soon will end:
Better far to fly the fray
    Than to lose the friend.

If thy brother seemeth slow,
  Jeer not, but thy quickness slack:
Rather than divided go,
    Keep the wearier track.

Gently deal with those that roam,
  Mindful not of wanderings past:
So together in your home
    All arrive at last.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ

No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn.

William Penny, Lord Kinloch, 1801–1872:
Stanza 3 omitted, and line 10 varied.

It is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Shakespeare.

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.

George Herbert.

Judge not! the workings of his brain
  And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eye a stain,
  In God's pure sight may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Tout connaître, c'est tout pardonner.

✓ LV

Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me. **Matt. xxv. 40.**

Bis dat qui cito dat

If you have a kind word, say it;
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest:
If you owe a kindness, pay it;
Life's sun hurries to the West.

Can you do a kind deed? Do it,
From despair a soul to save;
Bless each day as you pass through it,
Marching onward to the grave.

Vbicunque homo est, ibi beneficii locus est.

If some grand thing for to-morrow
You are dreaming, do it now:
From the future do not borrow;
Frost soon gathers on the brow.

Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Then to-day fulfil your vow:
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it—do it now.

Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends.

Shakespeare.

The greatest thing a man can do for his heavenly Father is to be kind to some of his other children.

William Channing Gannett.

✓ I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, *for I shall not pass this way again.*

LVI

Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil.
Ex. xxiii. 2.

Be glad, my heart, in union
With many a brother-heart,
Enjoy that blest communion,
Yet dare to stand apart!

Dare, if the word be spoken
By conscience from her throne,
To let sweet bands be broken,
And find thyself alone.

Yea, dare to meet unshaken
Harsh words and glances rude:
Thou canst not be forsaken
With Christ in solitude.

Should friendly voices pleading
Invite to paths of ill,
Hold thou thy way unheeding,
Step firm with steadfast will.

Fearless of speech, though lowly,
Warn him on evil bent,
Lest unto deeds unholy
Thy silence give consent.

Yield not God's right to any;
Full oft by strength of one
Against the strength of many
God's work and will is done.

Faint not, if sin prevailing
Around thee seek thy fall;
Hold thou thy hope unfailing,
Thy Lord is Lord of all.

Rather than thy word disown, Help me, Lord, to stand alone.

William Romanis, 1824–1899 (1878). Stanza 6 is omitted, and lines 9, 17, 18 varied.

Refrain not to speak when there is occasion to do good, and hide not thy wisdom in her beauty. *Ecclus. v. 23.*

LVII

He will be our guide even unto death.
Ps. xlviii. 14.

Dark lies before us, hid from mortal view,
Life here below;
Life brief or lengthened, many years or few,
Thou, Lord, dost know!
Thine hand hath drawn us from the boundless deep;
In thee we wake to life, in thee we sleep.

Guide thou our feet along the unseen path
Where we must tread:
Safe fares the traveller who thy Presence hath,
Through hope and dread,
Through sweet and bitter hours, through sun and storm,
One still the Presence, changeful though the Form.

Train thou our growing life; through home and school,
Through work and play,
Through word and deed our eager spirits rule,
While shines the day:
Sweet sleep with conscience clear and visions bright
Pour o'er thy loved ones through the restful night.

Seest thou before us manhood's sadder years,
Where sorrows hide?
Ah, now to thee, to thee our hopes and fears,
Lord, we confide:
Thy love that gave us life shall give release,
Thy changeless love shall lead us forth with peace.

William Romanis, 1824–1899 (1883): stanza 3 omitted, and lines 5 and 6 re-written.

LVIII

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.
Phil. iv. 13 (A.V.)

Go forth to life, O child of earth, **ΨΥΧΑΡΙΟΝ ΕΙ**
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth: **ΒΑΣΤΑΖΟΝ**
Thou art not here for ease or sin, **ΝΕΚΡΟΝ**
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thou canst through Christ their flames control:
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Through Christ thou art more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth:
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth:
For noble service thou art here:
Thy neighbour help, thy God revere.

Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892 (1864): lines 6, 8, 16 varied.

Οὐ χρὴ κατὰ τοὺς παραινοῦντας ἀνθρώπινα φρονεῖν ἄνθρωπον ὄντα οὐδὲ θνητὰ τὸν θνητόν, ἀλλ' ἐφ' ὅσον ἐνδέχεται ἀθανατίζειν.

Aristotle.

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister.

Shakespeare.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Tennyson.

LIX

Then said I: Lo, I come to do thy will, O God.
Heb. x. 7 (A.V.)

Just as I am, thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

Never glad confident morning again.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve thee with all my might,—
Therefore, to thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth and righteousness, and thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

Marianne Hearn, b. 1834 (1887): stanzas 5 and 6 omitted.

I would not give the world my heart,
And *then* profess thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And *then* thy service prove.

I would not with swift-winged zeal
On the world's errands go;
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

O choose me in my golden time,
In my best joys bear part;
Take thou the glory of my prime,
The fullness of my heart.

T. H. Gill.

How good it is to close with Christ betimes.

Oliver Cromwell.

LX

I will go in the strength of the Lord God.
Ps. lxxi. 16 (A.V.)

Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day;

For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788: line 8 varied, stanza 3 omitted.

O youth whose hope is high,
Who dost to Truth aspire,
Whether thou live or die,
O look not back nor tire.

. . . .

If thou canst death defy,
If thy Faith is entire,
Press onward, for thine eye
Shall see thy heart's desire.

Robert Bridges.

LXI

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. **Ps. xxvii. 10 (A.V.)**

God of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

Jesu, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, Lord, and make us thine.

When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but thee?

Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul,—
Hope, till time shall be no more,
Love, while endless ages roll.

Henry Neele, 1798–1828 (1829): lines 9, 12 varied.

We need thee more than tongue can speak,
Mid foes that well might cast us down;
But thousands, once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight, and wear the crown:
We ask the help that bore them through,
We trust the Faithful and the True.

William Bright.

LXII

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days. Eccles. xi. 1.

The best is yet to be.

Now is the seed time: God alone,
  Beyond our vision weak and dim,
Beholds the end of what is sown;
  The harvest-time is hid with him.

Yet, unforgotten where it lies,
  Though seeming on the desert cast,
The seed of generous sacrifice
  Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

And he who blesses, most is blest;
  For God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
  An added beauty to the earth.

And soon or late to all that sow
  The time of harvest shall be given,
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
  If not on earth, at last in heaven.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893: the first two stanzas are a re-arrangement, with one slight alteration, of part of 'The Cross'; the third is from 'Lines,' 1858. See Dr. John Hunter's 'Hymns of Faith and Life.'

He that soweth unto the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap eternal life. And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—*Gal. vi. 8, 9.*

Do thou thy work: it shall succeed
  In thine or in another's day:
And if denied the victor's meed,
  Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Whittier.

LXIII

I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgement.

Matt. xii. 36.

One soweth and another reapeth.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more:
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

NEMO ERRAT VNI SIBI

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past,
But they shall last:
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear!

John Keble, 1792–1866: stanzas 3, 4, 5 from a poem in his Lyra Innocentium, 1846.

None of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself.

Rom. xiv. 7.

An evil thought may soil thy children's blood.

Tennyson.

The lost days of my life until to-day,—
I do not see them here: but after death
God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low, last breath:
'I am thyself; what hast thou done to me?'
'And I—and I, thyself,'—lo! each one saith—
'And thou thyself to all eternity!'

D. G. Rossetti.

LXIV

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Gal. vi. 7.

Sowing the seed by the dawnlight fair, Ἀνέχου καὶ ἀπέχου.
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:

Refrain. O what shall the harvest be?
O what shall the harvest be?
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might;
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah! sure, will the harvest be!

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame:

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home.

Emily Sullivan Oakey, 1829–1883 (1861): apparently much varied from the original.

Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed, he shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.
Ps. cxxvi. 6.

Wisdom never forgives. Whatever resistance we have offered to her law, she avenges for ever: the lost hour can never be redeemed, and the accomplished wrong never atoned for.
Ruskin.

Our acts our angels are for good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
John Fletcher.

LXV

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.
John viii. 32.

ΜΕΓΑΛΗ
Η ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ
ΚΑΙ
ΥΠΕΡΙΣΧΥΕΙ

Make sure of truth,
And truth will make thee sure;
It will not shift nor fade nor die,
But like the heavens endure.

Man and his earth
Are varying day by day;
Truth cannot change, nor ever grow
Feeble and old and gray.

The stars that shine
To-night in these calm skies
Are the same stars that shone of old
In primal paradise.

God's thoughts, not man's,
Be these thy heritage;
They, like himself, are ever young,
Untouched by time or age.

With God alone
Is truth, and joy, and light;
Walk thou with him in peace and love,
Hold fast the good and right.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–1891: stanza 4 omitted, and the rest re-arranged.

οὐ γάρ τι νῦν γε κἀχθὲς ἀλλ' ἀεί ποτε
ζῇ ταῦτα, κοὐδεὶς οἶδεν ἐξ ὅτου 'φάνη.

Sophocles.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man,
Great souls are portions of eternity.

James Russell Lowell.

LXVI

Thou desirest truth in the inward parts. Psalm li. 6.

O God of Truth, whose living Word
Upholds whate'er has breath,
Look down on thy created sons
Enslaved by sin and death.
Set up thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with thee to smite the lies
That vex thy groaning earth.

Dare to be true! nothing can need a lie: A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

Fain would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!
Yet who can fight for Truth and God,
A thrall to lies and sin?
He who would wage such war on earth,
Must first be true within.

O God of Truth, for whom we long,
O thou that hearest prayer,
Do thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.
So, tried in thy refining fire,
From every lie set free,
In us thy perfect Truth shall dwell,
And we may fight for thee.

Thomas Hughes, the author of 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' 1823–1896 (1859). Three stanzas are omitted and several lines varied.

The essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived, because the deception was by gesture or silence, instead of utterance.—*Ruskin.*

LXVII

Strive for the truth unto death and the Lord God shall fight for thee. **Ecclus. iv. 28.**

When courage fails and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty and know
That Truth still moveth on.

For unseen messengers she hath
To work her will and ways,
And even human scorn and wrath
God turneth to her praise.

The race is not unto the swift,
The battle to the strong,
When dawn her judgment-days that sift
The claims of right and wrong.

And more than thou canst do for Truth
Can she on thee confer,
If thou, O heart, but give thy youth
And manhood unto her.

For she can make thee inly bright,
Thy self-love purge away,
And lead thee in the path whose light
Shines to the perfect day.

Who follow her, though men deride,
In her strength shall be strong,
Shall see their shame become their pride,
And share her triumph-song.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer, b. 1840: the third stanza is omitted.

He who begins by loving Christianity better than Truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all.—*Coleridge.*

LXVIII

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Matt. vii. 21.

Prune thou thy words: the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.

But he, who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

John Henry Newman, 1805–1890 (1833).

Let thy speech be short, comprehending much in few words.
Ecclus. xxxii. 8.

In the multitude of words there wanteth not transgression.
Proverbs x. 19.

Whether it be to friend or foe, talk not of other men's lives; and if thou canst without offence, reveal them not.—*Ecclus. xix. 8.*

LXIX

If therefore the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. John viii. 36.

He who allows oppression shares the crime.

Men whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works another's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is it freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
Truest freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell, 1819–1893: the second stanza is omitted, and lines 9, 13 varied.

Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected, while another's blessed.
Pope.

The discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us, hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue. *Wordsworth.*

LXX

He that believeth shall not make haste.
Is. xxviii. 16.

Without haste and without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast,
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well:
Heed not pleasure, heed not pain,
Till the glorious goal we gain.

Wie das Gestirn,
Ohne Hast,
Aber ohne Rast,
Drehe sich jeder
Um die eigne Last.

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar the spirit's even speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might:
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not—life is sweeping by;
Death's unerring step draws nigh:
Leave behind to conquer time
Something noble and sublime,
Wrought with power to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not—rest not: calm in strife,
Meekly bear the storms of life;
Love be still our lord and guide;
Do the right whate'er betide:
Haste not—rest not: conflict passed,
God shall crown our work at last.

Suggested by the above lines of Goethe (1749–1832) in the second part of the Zahme Xenien: the author is unknown.

Something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done.

Tennyson.

Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.

Browning.

LXXI

He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much.
Luke xvi. 10.

All service ranks the same with God.

Though lowly here our lot may be,
  High work have we to do,—
In faith and trust to follow Him,
  Whose lot was lowly too.

Our days of darkness we may bear,
  Strong in our Father's love,
Leaning on his almighty arm,
  With all our hopes above.

Each life, enriched with gentle thoughts
  And loving deeds, may be
A stream that still the nobler grows,
  The nearer to the sea.

There is no second best in Duty.

To duty firm, to conscience true,
  However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
  If we but do our best.

Thus may we make the lowliest lot
  With rays of glory bright;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
  Into a crown of light!

William Gaskell, 1805–1884 (1860): many lines appear slightly varied from the original.

Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

Cowper.

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory.

Tennyson.

LXXII

I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.
John x. 10.

Teach me, my God, O teach me how to live, TVVS
To serve thee from the morning of my life; A PVERO
For daily conflict daily vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live; no idler let me be,
But for thy glory hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully,
And find in humblest service highest joy.

Teach me to live, with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold repellent brow of gloom,
To work or wait with patience till thy call
Summon my spirit to the unseen home.

Ellen Elizabeth Burman, 1837–1864 (1860).
Stanzas 2, 5, 8. Many alterations.

When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him, it gave witness unto him.—*Job.*

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Wordsworth.

God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT.

Milton.

LXXIII

Fight the good fight of the faith.
1 Tim. vi. 12.

Say not, 'The struggle naught availeth;
The labour and the wounds are vain;
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.'

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars:
It may be, in yon smoke concealed
Your comrades chase even now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field.

What though the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain?
Far back, through creek and inlet making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main!

And not by eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look! the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough, 1819–1861: line 13, ? wholly.
See index of authors.

As the lightning cometh forth from the east, and is seen even unto the west; so shall be the coming of the Son of man.
Matt. xxiv. 27.

LXXIV

Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. iii. 11.

We cannot kindle when we will
  The fire that in the heart resides:
The spirit bloweth and is still,
  In mystery our soul abides;
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
  We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
  Of the long day, and wish 'twere done:
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

Matthew Arnold, 1822–1888: the first two stanzas of 'Morality.'

Let no man think that sudden in a minute
  All is accomplished and the work is done;—
Though with thine earliest dawn thou shouldst begin it,
  Scarce were it ended in thy setting sun.

F. W. H. Myers.

Lay the sure foundations deep!
  Strongly lay them, lay them true,
Lo, there rise, when ye shall sleep,
  Builders building after you.

J. H. Skrine.

LXXV

Fire shall be kept burning upon the altar continually; it shall not go out. **Lev. vi. 13.**

O thou who camest from above
The pure, celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart;
There let it for thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its Source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Not mine own will, but the will of him that sent me.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me;
Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make my sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788.

We must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.—*John ix. 4.*

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

H. H. Milman.

LXXVI

The Lord looketh on the heart.

1 Sam. xvi. 7.

Why should we vex our foolish minds
So much from day to day
With what an idle world concerning us
May think or say?

Do we not know there sits a Judge,
Before whose searching eyes
Our inmost hidden being, cleft in twain,
And open, lies?

Lord of the Truth, heart-searching God,
Enough, enough for me
That thou the evil in me and the good
Dost wholly see.

Let others please to think of me
Or say whate'er they will;
Such as I am before thy judgement-seat,
So am I still.

Praise they my good beyond desert,
And all my bad ignore?
That am I which in thy pure sight I am,
No less, no more.

Decry they all my good, and blame
My evil in excess?
That am I which in thy pure sight I am,
No more, no less.

Edward Caswall, 1814–1878 (1873): lines 9 and 13 varied.

LXXVII

And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and he was subject unto them. **Luke ii. 51.**

Thou whose feet once trod the way
Trod by us in work and play,
Through the hours of school to-day
Shield and save us!

From the pride by love accurst,
Loveless craving to be first,
Hearts that scorn thy least and worst,
Shield and save us!

No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn.

From the thought thou canst not share,
From the lip untuned to prayer,
Thou that rulest here as there,
Shield and save us!

By the love that stooped to earth,
By thy gracious human birth,
By thy childhood's tears and mirth,
Shield and save us!

Till the school of life is o'er,
Said the tasks and shut the door,
Jesus, now and evermore
Shield and save us!

Author unknown: the second stanza is here omitted. The hymn usually begins 'Thou who once didst tread the way.'

Though he was a Son, yet learned [he] obedience by the things which he suffered.—*Heb. v. 8.*

LXXVIII

And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth; and he was subject unto them: . . . And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favour [*or*, grace] with God and men.

Luke ii. 51, 52.

Ye fair green hills of Galilee,
That girdle quiet Nazareth,
What glorious vision did ye see,
When He who conquered sin and death
Your flowery slopes and summits trod,
And grew in grace with man and God?

God's children are sent into this world not to do a certain work, but to be a certain thing.

'We saw no glory crown his head,
As childhood ripened into youth:
No angels on his errands sped;
He wrought no sign. But meekness, truth,
And duty marked each step he trod,
And love to man and love to God.'

Jesus, my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear,
While saints in heaven thy glory sing,
Let me on earth thy likeness wear:
Mine be the path thy feet have trod,
Duty and love to man and God.

Eustace Rogers Conder, 1820–1892 (1887).

THE RULE OF HEAVEN: Of him to whom much is committed much will be required.

THE RULE OF HELL: 'I may do as I like with my own.' But whoever follows this rule exiles himself from the sacred territory of the world, and goes over, with his proud gifts, to the outer darkness.

James Martineau.

LXXIX

Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses. **Heb. xii. 1.**

Hand in hand with angels
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

Hand in hand with angels,
Helpers, out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.

Some soft hands are carried
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with angels
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

Lucy Larcom, 1826–1893: line 14 varied.

There's other sight than eyesight.

J. H. Skrine, Joan the Maid.

LXXX

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.
Matt. xxii. 39.

I learned it in the meadow path,
I learned it on the mountain stairs,
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares. **KOINA TA APIΣTA**

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
The light without us and within,
Life with its unlocked treasuries,
God's riches—are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness
Ye welcome me, O solemn peaks!
And me in every guest ye bless
Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way
That opens into worlds unknown
It will be life's delight to say,
'Heaven is not heaven for me alone.'

Wealth won by others' poverty—
Not such be mine! let me be blest
Only in what they share with me,
And what I share with all the rest.

Lucy Larcom, 1826–1893: stanzas 1 and 6 varied.

I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruit and flowers as well as mine.
Ben Jonson.

There is but one step between the egotist and the slave.
Giuseppe Mazzini.

What is not good for the swarm, neither is it good for the bee.
Marcus Aurelius.

LXXXI

Silver and gold have I none: but what I have, that give I thee.
Acts iii. 6.

He gives nothing but worthless gold who gives from a sense of duty.

Rich gifts that heaven delights to see
  The poorest hands may hold:
The love that of its poverty
Gives kindly succour, prompt and free,
  Is worthier far than gold.

One smile can glorify a day,
  One word new hope impart;
The least disciple need not say,
There are no alms to give away,
  If love be in the heart.

Mary Rowles Jarvis (1883): line 5 varied.

Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford,
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word:
God crowns our goodness, wheresoe'er he sees,
On our part, wanting all abilities.

Herrick.

The others cast away—the widow only gave.

Crashaw.

God looks not at what is given, but at what is left behind.

Ambrose of Milan.

Lose thy money for thy brother and thy friend, and let it not rust under a stone to be lost.—*Ecclus. xxix. 11.*

LXXXII

Shut up alms in thy storechambers; and it shall deliver thee out of all affliction. Ecclus. xxix. 12.

Thine are all the gifts, O God,
  Thine the broken bread;
Let the naked feet be shod,
  And the starving fed.

Let thy children by thy grace
  Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
  And the lost are found.

Wiser than the miser's hoards
  Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
  Is the thankful voice.

Giving much to the poor Doth enrich a man's store.

Welcome smiles on faces sad,
  As the flowers of spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
  With the joy they bring.

Happier for their pity's sake
  Make their sports and plays,
And from lips of boyhood take
  Thy perfected praise!

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893 (1878): line 19 varied.

What I spent, that I had: what I kept, that I lost; what I gave, that I have.—*Ancient Epitaph.*

Education, in its deepest sense, is not the equaliser, but the discerner of men; and, so far from being an instrument for the collection of riches, the first lesson of wisdom is to disdain them, and of gentleness, to diffuse.—*Ruskin.*

Wealth in the gross is death, but life, diffused.—*Pope.*

LXXXIII

Should not I have pity on Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, AND ALSO MUCH CATTLE? Jonah iv. 11.

Not one of them is forgotten before God.

Maker of earth and sea and sky,
Creation's sovereign, Lord and King,
Who hung the starry worlds on high,
And softly plumed the sparrow's wing:
Bless the dumb creatures in our care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

For us they toil, for us they die,
These humble creatures thou hast made;
How shall we dare their rights deny,
On whom thy seal of love is laid?
Teach thou our hearts to hear their plea,
As thou dost man's in prayer to thee.

Emily Bryant Lord: lines 4 and 5 varied.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast:
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Coleridge.

We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Shakespeare.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

Wordsworth.

LXXXIV

Not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father.
Matt. x. 29.

O Thou, by whose creative power,
Seraph and insect of an hour
Live, move, rejoice,—we fain would share
The spirit of our Saviour's prayer.

Thy law of kindness here bear sway,
As in thy heaven's immortal day!
While thou dost list the raven's cry,
Let us no lowly need deny.

While thou dost mark a sparrow's fall,
May we, thy children, reverence all
The creatures of thy loving care,
Nor deeds belie our faith and prayer;

But, kind to every living thing
Sheltered beneath thy brooding wing,
So let our daily lives be praise,
And imitate our Father's ways.

Mary Johnson.

Don't fancy that you will lower yourselves by sympathy with the lower creatures; you cannot sympathise rightly with the higher, unless you sympathise with these.

Ruskin.

Hold thou, my friend, no lesser life in scorn;
All nature is the womb whence man is born.

Tennyson.

Innocent eyes not ours
Are made to look on flowers,
Eyes of small birds and insects small:
Morn after summer morn
The sweet rose on her thorn
Opens her bosom to them all.
The least and last of things
That soar on quivering wings,
Or crawl among the grass-blades out of sight,
Have just as clear a right
To their appointed portion of delight
As queens or kings.

Christina Rossetti.

All living things, nor those the least
That wing the air, or wander dumb—
Thy suffering creatures, bird and beast—
Have need to cry 'Thy kingdom come!'
As those who watch for dawn at sea,
Dawn of our soul, we watch for thee.

James Rhoades.

Naught is too high or low,
Too mean or mighty, if God wills it so:
Neither is any creature, great or small,
Beyond his pity which embraceth all,
Nor any ocean rolls so vast that he
Forgets one wave of all that restless sea.

LXXXV

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain.
Isaiah xi. 9.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside;
  Crush not the helpless worm!
That frame so scorned by human pride
  Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
  From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
  On the poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, he made
  For all his creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade
  For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
  Their humble bliss receive;
Nor do thou lightly take away
  The life thou canst not give.

Thomas Gisborne, 1758–1846; lines 2, 3, and 8 varied.

The poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. *Shakespeare.*

He who [shall] scorn the least of nature's works
Is henceforth exiled and shut out from all.
Lowell.

Unless you are **deliberately** kind to every creature, you will often become cruel to many. *Ruskin.*

Alas! what crime hath the timid hare committed, or the deer which weeps, that they are made to undergo the horrid punishment of being harassed by mortal affrights and tortured, torn, and mangled to death by piecemeal? *John Lawrence.*

Let them learn first to show piety at home, and to requite their parents.
1 Tim. v. 4 (A.V.)

The Lord hath given the Father glory as touching the children,
And hath confirmed the judgement of the Mother as touching the sons.
He that honoureth his Father shall make atonement for sins;
And he that giveth glory to his Mother is as one that layeth up treasure
Whoso honoureth his Father shall have joy of his children;
And in the day of his prayer he shall be heard.
He that giveth glory to his Father shall have length of days;
And he that hearkeneth unto the Lord shall bring rest unto his Mother.
He that feareth the Lord will honour his Father,
And will do service under his parents as unto masters.
In deed and word honour thy Father,
That a blessing may come upon thee from him.
For the blessing of the Father establisheth the houses of children;
But the curse of the Mother rooteth out the foundations.
Glorify not thyself in the dishonour of thy Father;
For thy Father's dishonour is no glory unto thee.
For the glory of a man is from the honour of his Father;
And a Mother in dishonour is a reproach to her children.
My son, help thy Father in his old age;
And grieve him not as long as he liveth.
And if he fail in understanding, have patience with him;
And dishonour him not while thou art in thy full strength.
For the relieving of thy Father shall not be forgotten:
And instead of sins it shall be added to build thee up.
In the day of thine affliction it shall be remembered;
Thy sins also shall melt away, like ice in the fair warm weather.
He that forsaketh his Father is as a blasphemer, *Ecclus.*
And he that provoketh his Mother is cursed of the Lord. *iii. 2–16*

Give glory to thy Father with thy whole heart;
And forget not the pangs of thy Mother.
Remember that of them thou wast born:
And what wilt thou recompense them for the things
that they have done for thee? *Ib. vii. 27, 28*

Remember thy Father and thy Mother
when thou sittest in the midst of great men. *Ib. xxiii. 14*

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l. 9, R.V. omits. l. 25, so A.V.; R.V. remember thee.
l. 26, so A.V.; R.V. As fair weather upon ice, so shall thy sins also melt away.
l. 35, so A.V.; R.V. for.

LXXXVI

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that give suck. Is. xl. 11.

Jesus, the children are calling,
O draw near!
Fold the young lambs in thy bosom,
Shepherd dear.

Slow are our footsteps and failing,
Oft we fall;
Jesus, the children are calling,
Hear their call!

Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow—
Large is thine;
Faithful, untiring, and tender—
So be mine!

Gently, Lord, lead thou our mothers—
Weary they;
Bless all our sisters and brothers
Night and day.

Fathers themselves are God's children,
Teach them still:
Let the Good Spirit show all men
God's wise will!

Now to the Father, Son, Spirit—
Three in One—
Bountiful God of our fathers,
Praise be done!

Annie Matheson (written at the age of 13).

How faithful are the gentle hearts
To whom the power is given
Of every hearth to make a home
And every home a heaven.

W. S. Terren.

LXXXVII

Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward.
Exod. xiv. 15.

'Forward!' be our watchword, steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us, not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking, by Jehovah led?
Forward through the desert, through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light.

Forward, when in childhood buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood, not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature, climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till upon us gleams the Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time, climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary, till the eve be light.

Forward, flock of Jesus, salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose spring to glorious birth.
Sick, they ask for healing; blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error; leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness, forward into light!

Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him one day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward, where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted, till our faith be sight.

Far o'er yon horizon high the city towers;
There our God abideth, that fair home is ours;
Flash the streets with jasper, shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river shedding joys untold.
Weak are earthly praises, dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph, forward into light!

Henry Alford, 1810–1871 (1871): lines 29–46 are omitted, and lines 10, 25 and 26 varied.

LXXXVIII

Τὰ μὲν ὀπίσω ἐπιλανθανόμενος, τοῖς δὲ ἔμπροσθεν ἐπεκτεινόμενος, κατὰ σκοπὸν διώκω εἰς τὸ βραβεῖον τῆς ἄνω κλήσεως τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ. Phil. iii. 14.

Saviour, blessèd Saviour, listen whilst we sing,
Praising, ever praising thee, our heavenly King:
All we have we offer, all we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit, all we yield to thee.

Further, ever further, from thy wounded side
Heedlessly we wandered, wandered far and wide;
Till thou cam'st in mercy, seeking young and old,
Lovingly to bear them, Saviour, to thy fold.

Nearer, ever nearer, Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high.

Clearer still and clearer dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing news of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows, pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance on a world of sin.

Brighter still and brighter glows the western sun,
Pouring all its gladness o'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over, toil and sorrow past;
May we, blessed Saviour, find a rest at last!

Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us, journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
Backward never looking till the prize is won.

Higher then and higher bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten, Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of, saints with angels sing,
Never weary, praising thee, their heavenly King.

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823: lines 2, 18, 28 varied; stanzas 4 and 5 omitted.

LXXXIX

They desire a better country, that is, a heavenly. Heb. xi. 16.

Leader of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place;
But onward, upward, still we go,
And, longing to behold thy face,
Straight to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

He hath prepared for them a city.

We have no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The new Jerusalem to find;
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the new Jerusalem.

Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788 (1747): stanzas 5, 7, 8 are omitted, and lines 9, 10, 11 varied.

These all died in faith, ... having confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things make it manifest that they are seeking after a country of their own.—*Heb. xi. 13, 14.*

XC

I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the evil one. 1 John ii. 14.

Young souls, so strong the race to run
And win each height sublime,
Unweary would ye still march on,
And still exulting climb?

Walk with the Lord! along the road
He will your strength renew;
Wait on the everlasting God,
His word abides in you.

Go forward! none shall faint or fail
In your God-guided throng:
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend the exultant song.

Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
And heights sublime explore:
Like eagles ye shall sunward gaze,
Like eagles, heavenward soar.

Rejoice! your portion shall be this,
All recompense above,
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
And everlasting love.

Thomas Hornblower Gill, b. 1819: varied, except in stanza 4.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.—*Is. xl. 30, 31.*

XCI

Εἴ τις θέλει ὀπίσω μου ἐλθεῖν, ἀπαρνησάσθω ἑαυτόν, καὶ ἀράτω τὸν σταυρὸν αὐτοῦ, καὶ ἀκολουθείτω μοι.
Mark viii. 34.

Thou sayst, 'Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow me:'
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see!
Thy blessed face, one moment's space—
Then might we follow thee!

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change:
How can we follow thee?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades:
How should we follow thee?

Ah, sense-bound heart and blind,
Is naught but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true?
Can we not follow thee?

O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore, thyself restore,
And help to follow thee.

If not as once thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up thy throne within thine own;
Lead, and we follow thee.

PRAE SEQVAR

Francis Turner Palgrave, 1824–1897 (1865): stanzas 5 and 7 omitted; line 32 varied.

XCII

Holy Father, keep them in thy name which thou hast given me, that they may be one, even as we are. John xvii. 11.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

Sabine Baring-Gould, b. 1834 (1867); from the Danish (Igjennem Nat og Traengsel) of Bernhardt Severin Ingemann, 1789–1862 (1825).

XCIII

Ὑπωπιάζω μου τὸ σῶμα καὶ δουλαγωγῶ.
1 Cor. ix. 27.

Believe not those who say
The upward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way,
And faint before the truth.

It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy,
But he who seeks that blest abode
Must all his powers employ.

Arm, arm thee for the fight!
Cast useless loads away,
Watch through the darkest hours of night,
Toil through the hottest day.

To labour and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
And keep thy conscience pure:—

Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight;
What matter who should whisper blame?
What matter scorn or slight?

If but thy God approve,
There lives within thy breast
The quickening comfort of his love,
The earnest of his rest.

Anne Brontë, 1820–1849: lines 20, 22, 23 varied.

τὴν μέν τοι κακότητα καὶ ἰλαδὸν ἔστιν ἑλέσθαι
ῥηιδίως· λείη μὲν ὁδός, μάλα δ' ἐγγύθι ναίει,
τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς ἱδρῶτα θεοὶ προπάροιθεν ἔθηκαν.

Hesiod.

XCIV

He will be our guide, even unto death.
Ps. xlviii. 14.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me from thy living store.

Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan, MORS CHRISTI
Bid my anxious fear subside; MORS MORTIS
Death of deaths and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
Evermore I'll sing to thee.

Stanza 1 translated from the Welsh of William Williams (1717–1791) by Peter Williams; stanzas 2 and 3 by William Williams (1771). Lines 6, 7, 9, 18 varied.

XCV

Son, go work to-day in the vineyard.
Matt. xxi. 28.

ΑΝΑΣΤΑ ΤΙ ΚΑΘΕΥΔΕΙΣ

Go, labour on: spend, and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labour on: whate'er thy lot,
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises;—what are men?

Go, labour on: your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize we seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown.

Go, labour on while it is day,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, Behold, I come.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–1891: lines 14–21 are omitted.

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.
Spenser.

XCVI

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.
Matt. ix. 37.

Come, labour on! ΥΠΑΓΕ
Who dares stand idle on the harvest-plain, ΣΗΜΕΡΟΝ
While all around him waves the golden grain, ΕΡΓΑΖΟΥ
And to each servant does the Master say,
'Go, work to-day'?

The labourers are few, the field is wide,
New stations must be filled, and blanks supplied:
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, 'Come!'

The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbered not.

Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here:
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

No time for rest till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
'Servants, well done!'

Come, labour on!
The toil is sweetened, the reward is sure:
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,
O Lord, with thee!

Jane Borthwick, 1813–1897 (1859): from her revised version of 1863 with stanza 2 omitted, and the last slightly varied.

XCVII

Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of.
Matt. vi. 8.

My times are in thy hand.

Father, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me;
The changes that are sure to come
  I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
  Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
  Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
  And dry the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
  To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
  That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
  Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
  And guided where I go.

I ask thee for the daily strength
  To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life
  While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
  If thou be glorified.

In service which thy love appoints
  There are no bonds for me:
My inmost heart is taught the truth
  That makes thy children free;
A LIFE OF SELF-RENOUNCING LOVE—
  THIS LIFE IS LIBERTY.

Anna Laetitia Waring, b. 1820 (1848): stanzas 4, 6, 7 omitted. Several initial conjunctions have been dropped for metrical reasons, and the variation of one word admitted in ll. 10 and 25.

XCVIII

He that doth not take his cross and follow after me, is not worthy of me. **Matt. x. 38.**

I gave my life for thee;
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead:
I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given for me?

I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know:
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for me?

I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell:
I suffered much for thee;
What canst thou bear for me?

And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love:
Great gifts I brought to thee:
What hast thou brought to me?

O let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
I gave myself for thee;
Give thou thyself to me!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879 (Jan. 10, 1858): lines 2, 5, 6 in the last stanza are varied, and stanza 3 omitted.

XCIX

And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward. Matt. x. 42.

My soul was stirred; I prayed: 'Let me
Do some great work so purely
To right life's ways, that I shall know
That I have loved thee surely.'
My lips sent forth their eager cry
The while my heart beat faster:
'For some great deed to prove my love,
Send me, send me, my Master.'

From out the silence came a voice
Saying, 'If God thou fearest,
Rise up and do, thy whole life through,
The duty that lies nearest.
The friendly word, the kindly deed,
Though small the act in seeming,
Shall in the end unto thy soul
Prove mightier than thy dreaming.

'The cup of water to the faint,
Or rest unto the weary,
The light thou giv'st another life
Shall make thine own less dreary;
And boundless realms of faith and love
Will wait for thy possessing:—
Not *creeds*, but *deeds*, if thou wouldst win
Unto thy soul a blessing.'

Authorship anonymous.

Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.

Sir Philip Sidney, Sept. 22, 1586.

C

Wait on the Lord: be strong, and let thine heart take courage; yea, wait thou on the Lord. **Ps. xxvii. 14.**

Why thus in haste, my heart?
Have faith in God, and wait;
Although he lingereth long
He never cometh late.

He never cometh late;
He knoweth what is best;
Vex not thyself in vain:
Until he cometh, rest.

Until he cometh, rest;
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God
Are soonest at the goal.

Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed:
Then hold thee still, my heart,
For I shall wait his lead.

This hymn, attributed to B. T. in Hymns for Church and Home (Boston, 1900), begins 'Not so in haste, my heart.' Lines 3 and 4 are slightly varied.

CI

Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.
1 Cor. x. 31.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture 'For Thy Sake'
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

George Herbert, 1593–1632 (1633): the second stanza is omitted.

John Wesley's version (1738) possesses special interest; it retains the first stanza alone unaltered. The last but one runs thus:—

If done to obey thy laws
Even servile labours shine:
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work divine.

Not in the way of eyeservice, as men-pleasers; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as unto the Lord, and not unto men.

Eph. vi. 6, 7; and cp. Col. iii. 22.

CII

Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.
Gen. xxviii. 16.

Full oft in dull unbroken flow
The river of our life steals on;
And thoughts that once could make it glow
Are all too willingly forgone.

Some light it takes from heaven—and yet
The round of small prosaic cares
Wins, day by day, more power to set
A gulf between us and our prayers.

Our inner self, impoverished thus,
Becomes a thrall of trivial things;
And O what grand designs for us
Our paltriness to failure brings!

And still we tread on wondrous ground
And need but grace to hear and see
What splendours gird our spirits round,
What voices call us, Lord, to thee.

William Bright, 1824–1901: stanzas 5 and 6 are given below, 7 and 8 omitted.

Each least eventful hour is fraught
With helps and harms no tongue can tell;
Nor leaves us till our souls are brought
Nearer one step to heaven or hell.

All day the realms of love and hate,
Of life and death, for us contend;
Though tarrying long, and coming late,
Yet daily nearer draws the end.

W. Bright.

CIII

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.
Lev. xix. 18; Luke x. 27.

Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows.

O Lord, thou art not fickle;
Our hope is not in vain:
The harvest for the sickle
Will ripen yet again.

But though enough be given
For all the world to eat,
Sin with thy love has striven
Its bounty to defeat.

Were men to one another
As kind as God to all,
Then no man on his brother
For help would vainly call.

On none for idle wasting
Would honest labour frown;
And none, to riches hasting,
Would tread his neighbour down.

No man enough possesses
Until he has to spare;
Possession no man blesses
While self is all his care.

For blessings on our labour
Then only may we pray,
When love unto our neighbour
Is ripening every day.

Thomas Toke Lynch, 1818–1871 (1855): stanzas 5 and 6 omitted and line 22 varied.

THE LAW OF LOVE

We needs must share if we would keep
The blessings from above:
Ceasing to give we cease to have;
Such is the law of love. *Trench.*

WHY SHOULD A MAN LABOUR?

That he may have whereof to give to him that hath need.
St. Paul.

CIV

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

Eccl. xi. 6.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found,
Go forth then everywhere.

Thou knowst not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
God keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, Harvest-home.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854 (June 11, 1832).

No man can work out his own salvation otherwise than by labouring for the salvation of others.—*Mazzini.*

CV

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength, because of thine adversaries, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger. Ps. viii. 2.

A little child in bulrush-ark
Came floating on the Nile's broad water:
That child made Egypt's glory dark,
And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.

The child, who once for knowledge sought
In Israel's temple of its sages,
Deliverance for the nations wrought,
And cleansed the temples of the ages.

If mid oppressions yet remain
Young hearts in freedom's quest untiring,
If even in superstition's reign
Man's mind moves fearlessly enquiring,—

No more let priest or tyrant dote
And dream of long the world commanding;
The ark of Moses is afloat,
And Christ is in the temple standing.

William Johnson Fox, 1786–1863 (1841): stanzas 2, 3, 4 varied.

• Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. . . . And the Lord . . . called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel said, Speak; for thy servant heareth. *1 Sam. iii. 8–10.*

Know whoso answers not God's earliest call
Forfeits or dulls the faculty supreme
Of lying open to his genius
Which makes the wise heart certain of its ends.
Lowell.

But how shall I say anything, a child
Not fit for such a work . . . .
And yet, and yet—if I refuse to try,
The light that burns for my own life will die.
Henry Septimus Sutton.

THE PROPHET'S APPOINTMENT

THE LORD: I have appointed thee a prophet unto the nations.

THE CHILD: Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child.

THE LORD: Say not, I am a child: for to whomsoever I shall send thee thou shalt go; and whatsoever I shall command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid because of them: for I am with thee to deliver thee. Behold I have put my words in thy mouth; see, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to pluck up, and to break down, and to destroy, and to overthrow; to build, and to plant.

Jeremiah i. 5–10.

THE QUESTION.

What then shall this child be?
Thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Most High: for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to make ready his ways.

Luke i. 66, 76.

With bonds and scorn and evil will
The world requites its prophets still:
Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,
For God's great purpose set apart,
Before whose far-discerning eyes
The Future as the Present lies!
Beyond a narrow-bounded age
Stretches thy prophet-heritage,
Through heaven's dim spaces angel-trod,
Through arches round the throne of God.
Thy audience, Worlds! all Time to be
The witness of the truth in thee!

Whittier.

Τὰ ἀσθενῆ τοῦ κόσμου ἐξελέξατο ὁ Θεός, ἵνα καταισχύνῃ τὰ ἰσχυρά. *1 Cor. 1, 27.*

The things that the world counts weak did God choose that he might put to shame the things that the world counts strong.

CVI

It shall be a token of a covenant betwixt me and you.
Gen. xvii. 11.

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And mount with him on high,

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own;
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.

Henry Alford, 1810–1871 (1832): line 16 varied.

False shame is the Devil's pet weapon. He does more work with it even than with false pride. For with false pride, he only goads evil; but with shame, paralyses good.—*Ruskin.*

To fear shame which doth worthily follow sin, and to bear undeserved reproach constantly, is the general duty of all men professing Christianity: . . . . Christ hath his mark applied upon that part where truthfulness appeareth, in token that they which are Christians should be at no time ashamed of his ignominy.—*Hooker, Ecclesiastical Polity, bk. v. 65.* [*This passage in Hooker suggested the above hymn; see Life of Dean Alford, ii. 78.*]

But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory even as from the Lord the Spirit. 2 Cor. iii. 18.

THE WARRIORS:

Be thou the king, and we will work thy will
Who love thee.

Then the King in low, deep tones,
And simple words of great authority,
Bound them by so strait bows to his own self,
That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flushed, and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half-blinded at the coming of a light.
But when he spake and cheered his Table Round
With large, divine, and comfortable words,
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld
From eye to eye through all their Order flash
A momentary likeness of the King.

Tennyson.

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Spenser.

CVII

Then said I, Lo, I am come.
Psalm xl. 7.

Thou Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Hath brought us here before thy face,
Our spirits wait for thy command;
Our silent hearts implore thy grace.

Again we lay our noblest powers
As offerings on thy holy shrine;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The soldiers of the cross are thine.

While watching by our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move,
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

And now, with hymn and prayer, we stand
To give our strength to thee, great God!
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord;
Through rugged toil and wearying fight,
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray,
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay,
Our only rest, to do thy will.

Octavius Brooks Frothingham, 1822–1895 (1846): lines 5, 9, 14 varied.

In sua volontade è nostra pace.

Dante.

CVIII

Suffer hardship with me, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus
2 Tim. ii.

Lord of the brave, who callst thine own
In Love's fair name to fearless war,
Behold us where God's musters are,
His viewless banner o'er us blown.

Lo! we that dare the all-holy fight,
Our soldier oath we pledge to-day,
Our soldier hands 'neath thine we lay,
Dread Captain of the hosts of Light.

To-day we dare. To-morrow who
Can guard the soldier faith unshamed?
For valour faints as valour flamed.
We dare: 'tis thou must make us do.

This soul of youth that springs to prove
Heaven's knighthood on heaven's olden foe,
O God in Man, 'tis thine to know,
'Tis thine, O Man in God, to love.

Thy love be ours, when war is higher;
Thy love that knows, our helper be:
Ah! King, for in the touch of thee
The heart that faints is heart of fire.

In Love's fair name to battle sore,
Lord of the brave, lead on thine own,
The viewless banner o'er us blown,
A host of Christ for evermore.

John Huntley Skrine (1893).

On each bowed head the awful Past
Hath laid its consecrating hands;
The Future in its purpose vast
Stays waiting thy supreme commands.

Lowell: varied.

CIX

Ἐνδύσασθε τὴν πανοπλίαν τοῦ Θεοῦ.
Eph. vi. 11.

Soldiers of Christ, arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

In mighty phalanx joined
Undaunted all proceed,
Armed with the unconquerable mind
That was in Christ, your Head:
From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
This is the victory!
Before our faith they fall:
Jesus hath died for you and me:
Believe, and conquer all.

A cento from Charles Wesley, 1707–1788.

This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith.—*1 John v. 4.*

CX

Now unto him that is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of his glory without blemish in exceeding joy . . . Jude 24, 25.

When thy soldiers take their swords,
When they speak the solemn words,
When they bow before thee here,
Feeling thee, their Father, near,
These thy children, Lord, defend;
To their help thy Spirit send.

When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight
Knowing not temptation's might,
These thy children, Lord, defend;
To their zeal thy wisdom lend.

When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqueror's pride,
Lest they grow self-satisfied,
These thy children, Lord, defend;
Teach their souls to thee to bend.

When the vows which they have made,
When the prayers which they have prayed
Fade and falter from their hearts,
When the first warm faith departs,
These thy children, Lord, defend;
Keep them faithful to the end.

Through life's conflict guard us all;
Or, if wounded some should fall
Ere the victory be won,
For the sake of Christ thy Son
These thy children, Lord, defend,
And in death thy comfort lend.

Frances Mary Owen, née Synge, 1842–1883: lines 3, 21 varied.

CXI

And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.
Luke xxii. 61.

The road to hell is paved with good intentions.

Alas for thousands that have knelt
  Where you are bending now!
You feel what they as warmly felt
  In prayer and solemn vow.
Seemed it that naught could them estrange
  From him your hearts adore:
Yet, slow or sudden, came the change—
  They walked with him no more!

O let not blind self-confidence
  To that appeal reply,
'Though others do thee such offence,
  Yet never, Lord, will I!'
Say rather, 'Lord, thou knowest all;
  I fain would cling to thee;'
For surest guard from foulest fall
  Is deep humility.

William Bright, 1824–1901.

And you all know security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Shakespeare.

Temptations seize when fear is laid asleep,
And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

Young.

The King
Will bind thee by such vows, as is a shame
A man should not be bound by, yet the which
No man can keep: but, so thou dread to swear,
Pass not within this gateway, but abide
Without, among the cattle of the field.

Tennyson.

CXII

My power is made perfect in weakness.
2 Cor. xii. 9.

O send me not away! for I would drink,
Even I, the weakest, at the fount of life:
Chide not my steps that venture near the brink,
Weary and fainting from the deadly strife.

Went I not forth undaunted and alone,
Strong in the majesty of human might:
Lo! I return, wounded and overthrown,
My dream of glory lost in shades of night.

Was I not girded for the battle-field?
Bore I not helm of pride and glittering sword?
Behold the fragments of my broken shield;
And give to me thy heavenly armour, Lord.

Anonymous: taken from Longfellow and Johnson's Hymns of the Spirit, 1868: lines 7, 12 varied.

Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And even an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.

Cowper.

We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!

Trench.

Victor from vanquished issues at the last,
And overthrower from being overthrown.

Tennyson.

CXIII

Lift up the hands that hang down.

Heb. xii. 12.

Before thine awful presence, Lord,
Thy sinful servants bow;
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.

The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed and word and thought,
Lord, we renounce once more.

Once more we vow the holy faith
To keep unstained and true;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.

Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved, beneath thy banner bright,
Where thou shalt lead, to go.

William Walsham How, 1823–1897 (1854): stanza 5 omitted.

No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

Luke ix. 62.

E piedi e man voleva il suol di sotto.

Dante.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.

Jer. viii. 20.

THE STREET

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
  Dim ghosts of men that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them, like thin shrouds,
  Wherein their souls were buried long ago:
They trampled on their youth, and faith, and love;
  They cast their hopes of human-kind away;
With heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
  And conquered,—and their spirits turned to clay.
Lo! how they wander round the world their grave,
  Whose over-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
  'We only truly live, but ye are dead.'
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face.

Lowell.

My looked-for death-bed guests are met,—
  There my dead youth doth wring its hands,
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
  The ghost of my Ideal stands.

Lowell

Three fatal sisters wait upon each sin:
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt within.

Herrick

CXIV

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. 1 Cor. ii. 9 (A.V.)

Those eternal bowers man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers round the throne of God,
Who may hope to gain them after weary fight?
Who at length attain them, clad in robes of white?

He who wakes from slumber at the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden down at Jesus' cross,
Christ's reproach his guerdon, all beside but loss.

He who gladly barters all on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs, says, 'I will be crowned':
He whose one oblation is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation to the blest above.

Shame upon you, legions of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor fool away the light,
When he bids you labour, when he tells you, 'Fight'?

Jesu, Lord of glory, as we breast the tide,
Whisper thou the story of the other side,
Where the saints are casting crowns before thy feet,
Safe for everlasting, in thyself complete.

John Mason Neale, 1818–1866 (1862). From the **Τὰς ἑδρὰς τὰς αἰωνίας,** *of John of Damascus (died c. 780).*

Our business is, like men, to fight,
And, hero-like, to die.

William Motherwell, 1797–1835.

CXV

And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. 2 Kings vi. 16—17.

Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad; ΕΞΗΛΘΕ
March, in heavenly armour clad: ΝΙΚΩΝ
Fight, nor think the battle long, ΚΑΙ ΙΝΑ
Victory soon shall tune your song. ΝΙΚΗΣΗΙ

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove:
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

The last 14 lines were added in 1827 by Frances Sara Fuller-Maitland, then a girl of 14, to a fragment of 10 lines left by Henry Kirke White (1785–1806): but only the second, fifth, and sixth lines stand here unaltered, while 7–10 are omitted.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

Virgil.

CXVI

They shall fight, because the Lord is with them.
Zech. x. 5.

Through earth's wide round let the tidings sound
Of the Lord who came from heaven;
Of the mighty hope that with death can cope,
And the love so freely given.
March on, march on, O ye soldiers true,
In the cross of Christ confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord his own is guiding.

We march to fight with the powers of night
That have held the world in sorrow;
And the broken heart shall forget its smart,
And shall hail a joyful morrow.

We fight with wrong; and our weapon strong
Is the love which hate shall banish;
And the chains shall fall from each ransomed thrall,
As the thrones of tyrants vanish.

Long wears the fight, but the God of Right
Though unseen is ever near us;
And the prayers that rise to the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us;

Till the sunrise broad of the day of God
Shall declare the Victor's glory,
And the earth shall rest, in her Lord confessed,
And shall sing the finished story.

Ella S. Armitage: the fourth stanza is omitted.

And I said, Should such a man as I flee? and who is there, that, being such as I, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in.—*Neh. vi. 11.*

CXVII

Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. Ps. lx. 4.

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see, his banners go!

At the name of Jesus Satan's host shall flee:
On then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise:
Brothers, lift your voices; loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army moves the Church of God,
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod.
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in faith and hope, and one in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane;
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-song;
Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ the King,—
This through countless ages men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1834 (1865): stanza 4 omitted; lines 5, 12, 19 varied.

Σὺ εἶ Πέτρος, καὶ ἐπὶ ταύτῃ τῇ πέτρᾳ οἰκοδομήσω μου τὴν ἐκκλησίαν, καὶ πύλαι ᾅδου οὐ κατισχύσουσιν αὐτῆς

Matt. xvi. 18.

And ye, the baffled many, who
Dejected from afar off view
The easily victorious few
Of calm renown,—
Have ye not your sad glory too,
And mournful crown?

Great is the facile conqueror;
Yet haply he, who, wounded sore,
Breathless, unhorsed, all covered o'er
With blood and sweat,
Sinks foiled, but fighting evermore,
Is greater yet.

Watson.

Failures but carve a pathway to success;
Our force is many, so our aim be one:
The foremost drop; on, those behind must press:
What boots my doing, so the deed be done?
Let my poor body lie beneath the breach:
I clomb and fell; who stands on me will reach.

Alfred Austin.

Not failure but low aim is crime.

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.

Browning.

CXVIII

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life. Rev. II. 10.

Labour ever, late and early,
Thou that strivest for the crown:
Hard the Christian battle; dearly
Wins the warrior his renown.
None but he, the faithful-hearted,
Victor from the field hath parted;
None but he whose love is strong
Sings at last the triumph-song.

Thou hast conquered, Lord of Glory!
Satan's power was foiled by thee;
Calvary, with its awful story,
Tells thy crowning victory.
Death by dying was defeated,
Life in losing life completed,
When the Sufferer bowed his head,
Saying, 'It is finished.'

What are human toil and sadness
To that hour of deadly strife?
What to that eternal gladness
Fleeting joys of earthly life?
Live with him, thyself denying;
Die with him, the cross defying;
Rise with him, and throned on high
Swell the song of victory.

Benjamin Hall Kennedy, 1804–1889 (1863): translated from a hymn by F. G. Klopstock (1724–1803), Nicht nur streiten, überwinden. Stanzas 2 and 4 omitted; lines 12 and 24 varied.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber.

CXIX

Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. John xiv. 27.

ΔΩΡΑ ΘΕΩΝ

When the high gods gave to the king of old,
They gave with unsparing hand
Wealth in garner and store untold,
Flocks on the mountain, fold on fold,
And the web of the rare sea-purple rolled
To flame at the foot of the throne of gold,
Where the chiefs of the people stand;
They gave him the strength of the fenced town,
Hosts, and captains of wide renown,
And might to beat his foemen down
When battle lay on the land.

But ill for him whom the high gods tried
With the perilous boon of good:
Wealth they gave him, and weal denied;
For they set in his bosom a soul of pride,
A blind and tyrannous mood.
Nor man he pitied, nor heaven he feared
Till the tarrying storm-cloud gloomed and neared,
And smote with the blast of avenging flame
Realm and city and house and name,
And blazoned redly the doom of shame
On a pride to be quenched in blood.

ΔΩΡΑ ΘΕΟΥ

So the old gods gave to the men of yore:—
How giveth our God to-day?
Sorrow he gives, and pain, good store,
Toils to bear for the neck that bore,
For duties rendered a duty more,
And lessons spelled in the painful lore
Of a war that is waged alway:
Peril in field, and trouble in hall,
The leaguer hemming the guarded wall,
Foes arisen for foes that fall:
So giveth our God to-day.

But well with whom the high God denies
The gift of a craved release:
For so he trusts for a new emprise
The tempered spirit, the clearer eyes,
The might which the years increase,
Till beyond the dark and the thronging fears,
The dim veil lightens, the vision nears,
And a breath of the triumph-chant is blown
From the heart of the splendour about the throne,
Where the just God sits, who shall give his own,
After the battle, peace.

John H. Skrine.

Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vineyards; for our vineyards are in blossom.

Song of Songs ii. 15.

It may not be needful to warn you against the great and mortal acts of sin, whose sinfulness is glaring and open and acknowledged by all; but it is necessary to warn you against those scarcely-noticed faults, those trifling omissions, those specks and flaws in conduct, which often seem to be little more than graceful wilfulness, traits of individual character, the natural and attractive irregularities by which personality is distinguished, but which are nevertheless sins. Gradually, slight though they may seem, they will shroud the soul as the silent and beautiful snowflakes shroud the earth, and they will hide it from God in deadness and apathy.

Arthur Temple Lyttelton.

He that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous also in much.

Luke xvi. 10.

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mask of virtue on his outward parts.

Shakespeare.

Ὁ ἐξουθενῶν τὰ ὀλίγα κατὰ μικρὸν πεσεῖται.

He that despiseth
little things
shall perish
by little and little.

Ecclus. xix. 1.

CXX

Balaam said: Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his! . . . And the children of Israel slew the five kings of Midian: Balaam also the son of Beor they slew with the sword. **Num. xxiii. 10; xxxi. 8.**

Virtue must shape itself in deed.

Dear Master, in whose life I see
All that I long, but fail to be;
Let thy clear light for ever shine
To shame and guide this life of mine.

Though what I dream and what I do
In my poor days are always two,
Help me, oppressed by things undone,
O thou whose deeds and dreams were one!

Anonymous.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant.

Whittier.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must!'
The youth replies, 'I can!'

Emerson.

God bids them by their own will go,
Who ask again the thing they know.

Coventry Patmore.

How long we live not years but actions tell.

CXXI

One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.
John ix. 25.

Blind Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd: he hears a breath
Say, 'It is Christ of Nazareth!'
And calls in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με.

The thronging multitudes increase;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud,
Until they say, 'He calleth thee!'
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε.

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, 'What wilt thou at my hands?'
And he replies, 'O give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!'
And Jesus answers, **Ὕπαγε·**
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε.

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με·
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε·
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807–1882.

CXXII

And it came to pass, while they communed and questioned together, that Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

Luke xxiv. 15, 16.

If Jesus came to earth again,
And walked and talked in field and street,
Who would not lay his human pain
Low at those heavenly feet,

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
And leave the volume on the shelf,
To follow him, unquestioning, mute,
If 'twere the Lord himself?

Where'er he went, I fain would go,
Nor question where the path might lead;
Enough for me that, here below,
I walked with God indeed.

'Owen Meredith,' 1831–1891. Stanzas 4 and 5 omitted and lines 9 and 11 varied.

O Master, let me walk with thee
In lonely paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In place that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live.

Washington Gladden.

Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man destroyeth the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.

I buffet my body, and bring it unto bondage: lest by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected. Ib. ix. 27.

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

Milton.

O God, whose blessed Son was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil, and make us the sons of God, and heirs of eternal life; grant us, we beseech thee, that, having this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as he is pure; that, when he shall appear again with power and great glory, we may be made like unto him in his eternal and glorious kingdom; where with thee, O Father, and thee, O Holy Spirit, he liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

CXXIII

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.
Matt. v. 8.

Moses put forth his hand, and laid hold of the serpent and it became a staff in his hand. **Exod. iv. 4.**

'This wrong hath ever been, this sin
Will last the world out,' so men cry,
'Nature herself pleadeth necessity.'
But thou, trust thou the law within;
By that supreme reality
Be bold to give all history the lie.

Yea by that uncreated Light,
Whereof this solid earth and sky
Are but the fitful shadows cast on high,
Rise up and cry, supreme in right,
'This wrong is dead and damned to-day,
Though down the ages it hath held its sway!'

And broken though thine arm, thy spear
Naught but a bruised straw, yet smite
The ancient regent Lie in all men's sight.
And though thou seem to men that jeer
A winged thing beating up against a wall
Of frozen rock to bring it to its fall,—

Though stronger grow the wrong each day,
And though beneath its iron feet
It pound thee small, and all thine ends defeat;
Yet shall the world confused, astray,
Grow polar to thee, slowly taught,
And crystal out a Kosmos round thy thought.

Ellice Hopkins: slightly varied.

Never at even, pillowed on a pleasure,
Sleep, with the wings of aspiration furled,
Hide the last mite of the forbidden treasure,
Keep for my joys a world within the world.

F. W. H. Myers.

Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. We gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

Tennyson.

If my body come from brutes, though somewhat finer than their own,
I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute?
No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,
Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute.

Tennyson.

In my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly.

Shakespeare.

Faults in the life breed error in the brain,
And these reciprocally those again:
The mind and conduct mutually imprint
And stamp their image in each other's mint.

Cowper.

Strictness of life is the condition of cheerfulness and security.

And one there was among us, ever moved
Among us in white armour, Galahad.
'God make thee good as thou art beautiful,'
Said Arthur, when he dubbed him knight; and none
In so young youth was ever made a knight
Till Galahad . . . .

SIR GALAHAD SPEAKS:

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel.

A maiden knight—to me is given
  Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
  That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
  Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
  Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
  This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
  Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
  And through the mountain walls
A rolling organ-harmony
  Swells up, and shakes, and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
  Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
'O just and faithful knight of God,
  'Ride on, the prize is near.'
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
  Until I find the Holy Grail.

Alfred Tennyson, 1809–1892: stanzas 1 (ll. 1–8), 6, 7.

CXXIV

They left all, and followed him. Luke v. 11.

Who follows Christ whate'er betide
  Is worthy of a soldier's name:
Is he thy Way, thy Light, thy Guide?
  'Tis meet thou also bear his shame:
Who shrinks from dark Gethsemane,
Shall Tabor's glories never see.

What profits it that Christ hath deigned
  Our mortal form and flesh to wear,
If we ourselves have ne'er attained
  His image formed in us to bear?
The pure and virgin soul alone
He chooseth for his earthly throne.

What profits it that Christ is born,
  And bringeth childhood back to men,
Unless our long-lost right we mourn,
  And win through penitence again,
And lead a God-like life on earth,
As children of the second birth?

What profits it that he is risen,
  If dead in sins thou yet dost lie?
If yet thou cleavest to thy prison,
  What profit that he dwells on high?
His triumph will avail thee naught,
If thou hast ne'er the battle fought.

Then live and suffer, do and bear,
  As Christ, thy pattern, here hath done;
And seek his innocence to wear,
  That he may count thee of his own:
Who loveth Christ cares but to win
New triumphs o'er the world of sin.

Selected stanzas (2, 3, 4, 10, 11) from the translation by Catherine Winkworth, 1839–1878 (1855), of the hymn Wohl dem der sich mit Fleiss bemühet, ascribed to Jakob Gabriel Wolff (1684–1754) in her edition of 1855, but in that of 1901 marked anonymous. Lines 8, 10, 29, 30 varied.

CXXV

I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love.
Hos. xi. 4.

VICISTI GALILAEE

Drawn to the cross which thou hast blessed
With healing gifts for souls distressed,
To find in thee my life, my rest,
Christ crucified, I come.

Stained with the sins which I have wrought
In word and deed and secret thought,
For pardon which thy blood hath bought,
Christ crucified, I come.

Weary of selfishness and pride,
False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied,
Deep in thy wounds my shame to hide,
Christ crucified, I come.

Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,
Thy grace abused, my mis-spent years;
Yet now to thee, for cleansing tears,
Christ crucified, I come.

I would not, if I could, conceal
The ills which only thou canst heal;
So to the cross where sinners kneel,
Christ crucified, I come.

Wash me, and take away each stain,
Let nothing of my sin remain;
For cleansing, though it be through pain,
Christ crucified, I come;

And then for work to do for thee,
Which shall so sweet a service be
That angels well might envy me,
Christ crucified, I come.

To share with thee thy life divine,
Thy righteousness, thy likeness mine,
Since thou hast made my nature thine,
Christ crucified, I come.

Geneviève Mary Irons, b. 1855 (1880): stanzas 8 and 10 omitted.

ENDURANCE

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts;
These are their stay; and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe—
One faith against a whole world's disbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind.

Lowell

WILL

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
    Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
    That, compassed round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
    Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
    Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,
And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
    Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
    Toiling in immeasurable sand,
    And o'er a weary sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
    Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

Tennyson.

ENDURE HARDNESS

Welcome thou each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go.
Be our joy three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

Browning.

ΣΤΗΘΙ ΕΔΡΑΙΟΣ ΩΣ ΑΚΜΩΝ ΤΥΠΤΟΜΕΝΟΣ

Ignatius to Polycarp—both martyrs.

CXXVI

God buries his workmen, but carries on his work.
John Wesley.

In your patience ye shall win your souls.

'Tis weary watching wave on wave,
  And yet the tide heaves onward;
We build, like corals, grave by grave,
  A pathway climbing sunward.
Though beaten back in many a fray,
  A newer strength we borrow:
And where the van-guard rests to-day,
  The rear shall camp to-morrow.

The bitter past behind us lies,
  Bright hours before us glisten;
For lo! our day leaps up the skies—
  Lean out your souls and listen:
The world is speeding heaven's way,
  Diviner grown by sorrow;
Take heart;—who bears the cross to-day
  Shall wear the crown to-morrow.

Gerald Massey, b. 1828: varied.

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
  Breathe cheaply in the common air;
The dust we trample heedlessly
  Throbbed once in saints and heroes rare,
Who perished, opening for their race
New pathways to the common-place.

Lowell.

The hero will not know he is a hero till the sudden trial comes; but his heroism is the fruit of numberless bygone acts of self-repression and courage which have built up an abiding character.

CXXVII

They that builded the wall and they that bare burdens laded themselves, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other held his weapon; and the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded.

Neh. iv. 17, 18.

All day among the cornfields of the plain,
  Reaping a mighty harvest to the Lord,
Our hands have bound the sheaves; we come again:
    Shout for the garners stored!

All day among the vineyards of the field
  Our feet have trodden out the red ripe vine;
Sing, sing for hearts that have not spared to yield
    A yet more purple wine!

All day against the spoilers of our land
  Our arms made bare the keen and glittering sword;
None hath turned back, none stayed the lifted hand;
    Sing, sing unto the Lord!

All day beset by spies, begirt with foes,
  Building a house of holiness; by night
We watched beside our weapons; slow it rose;
  Sing, sing from Zion's height!

Dora Greenwell, 1821–1882.

For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever. *Tennyson.*

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
  Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
  Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
  Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
  In England's green and pleasant land. *Blake.*

The whole creation groaneth and travalleth together in pain until now. Rom. viii. 22.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Genesis xviii. 25.

The riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is good,
As only he can feel who makes his love
The ladder of his faith, and climbs above
On the rounds of his best instincts; draws no line
Between mere human goodness and divine,
But, judging God by what in him is best,
With a child's trust leans on a Father's breast,
And hears unmoved the old creeds babble still
Of kingly power and dread caprice of will,
Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,
The pitiless doomsman of the universe.
Can hatred ask for love? Can selfishness
Invite to self-denial? Is he less
Than man in kindly dealing? Can he break
His own great law of Fatherhood? forsake
And curse his children? Not for earth and heaven
Can separate tables of the law be given.
No rules can bind which he himself denies;
The truths of time are not eternal lies.

Whittier.

Thy power, O Lord, reveals thee less
Than glimpses of thy tenderness;
And we, though here we know in part,
May write 'He loves me' on our heart.
So pass we on from day to day
With strength to work and will to pray,
And two things certain—'We must die',
And—'Thou wilt have us live on high.'

W. Bright.

CXXVIII

So I was left alone, and saw this great vision.
Dan. x. 8.

O thou in lonely vigil led
To follow truth's new risen star
Ere yet her morning skies are red,
While vale and upland shadowed are,—

Ὅπῃ ἂν ὁ λόγος
ὥσπερ πνεῦμα φέρῃ,
ταύτῃ ἰτέον.

Gird up thy loins and take thy road,
Obedient to the vision be:
Trust not in numbers; God is God,
And one with him majority!

Soon pass the judgments of the hour,
Forgotten are the scorn and blame;
The Word moves on, a gladdening power,
And safe enshrines the prophet's fame.

Melius est ut scandalum oriatur quam ut veritas supprimatur

Now, as of old, in lowly plight
The Christ of larger faith is born:
The watching shepherds come by night,
And then—the kings of earth at morn.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer, b. 1840.

There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few.
1 Sam. xiv. 6.

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam.

Tennyson.

CXXIX

The darkness and light are both alike to thee.
Ps. cxxxix. 12.

The riddle of the world is understood only by him who feels that God is good.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbour than a spy.

When passion blows a gale, let reason be your pilot.

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey,
That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace;

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the Fiends may fight,
And long though the Angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a Love that is better than fate:
When the night unlocks her bars,
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

Washington Gladden, b. 1836.

That the blush of morning is fair, that the quietude of grief is sacred, that the heroism of conscience is noble, who will undertake to prove to one who does not see it? So wisdom, beauty, holiness, are immeasurable things, appreciable by pure perception, but which no rule can gauge, no argument demonstrate.

Martineau.

Thou canst not prove the Nameless, O my son,
Nor canst thou prove the world thou movest in;
Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone,
Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one;
Thou canst not prove thou art immortal, no,
Nor yet that thou art mortal—nay, my son,
Thou canst not prove that I who speak with thee
Am not thyself in converse with thyself,
For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven: wherefore thou be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to Faith beyond the forms of Faith.

Tennyson.

In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God, and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who in the tempestuous darkness of his soul has dared to hold fast to those ancient landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who, when all is drear and cheerless within and without, has deliberately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed, because his night shall pass into clear bright day.

F. W. Robertson.

CXXX

In thy presence is fulness of joy.

Ps. xvi. 11.

What the body is to the intellect, that the intellect is to the spirit.

Life and light and joy are found
  In the presence of the Lord;
Life with richest blessings crowned,
  Light from many fountains poured:
Life and light and holy joy
None can darken or destroy.

Bring to him life's brightest hours,
  He will make them still more bright;
Give to him your noblest powers,
  He will hallow all your might:
Come to him with eager quest,
You shall hear his high behest.

All your questions large and deep,
  All the open thought of youth,
Bring to him, and you shall reap
  All the harvest of his truth:
You shall find in that great store
Largest love and wisest lore.

Then, when comes life's wider sphere
  And its busier enterprise,
You shall find him ever near,
  Looking with approving eyes
On all honest work and true
His dear servant's hands can do.

And if care should dim your eye,
  If life's shadows come apace,
You shall find him ever nigh
  In the glory of his face,
Changing sorrow's darkest night
Into morning clear and bright.

Charles Edward Mudie, 1818–1890: written in 1872 for his son's twenty-first birthday. Line 28 varied.

Let Knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of Reverence in us dwell.

Tennyson.

REVERENCE

This is the thing which I know, and which, if you labour faithfully, you shall know also, — that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life:—Reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth: for what is true and tried in the age of others: for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die.

Ruskin.

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
  Against her beauty? May she mix
  With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.
  But . . . let her know her place:
She is the second, not the first.
A higher hand must make her mild,
  If all be not in vain: and guide
  Her footsteps, moving side by side
With Wisdom, like the younger child:
For she is earthly of the mind,
  But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.

Tennyson.

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.

Carlyle.

On God and Godlike men we build our trust.

Tennyson.

Thy power to reverence shews thy power to rise.

CXXXI

O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me.
Ps. xliii. 8.

In life's earnest morning,
When our hope is high,
Comes thy voice in summons
Not to be put by:
Nor in toil nor sorrow,
Weakness nor dismay,
Need we ever falter—
Art not thou our stay?

is the heart
nd not
ne brain
hat to
ne highest
oth attain.

Teach us, Lord, thy wisdom,
While we seek men's lore;
May the mind be humbled,
As we know thee more;
Let the larger vision
Bring the childlike heart,
And our deeper knowledge
Holier zeal impart.

Should our faith be palsied
By the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty,
Faithless, undevout,
Lord, in mercy lead us
To our springs in thee,
Where are healing waters
Plentiful and free.

Should thy face be clouded
To our spirit's sight,
Speak through human kindness,
Shine through nature's light,
In the face of loved ones,
Or the ties of home—
Only, gracious Father,
To thy children come.

Elenezer Sherman Oakley, b. 1865 (1885): from the Student's Hymn; one stanza is omitted.

CXXXII

Till we all come . . . unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Eph. iv. 13 (A.V.)

Lord, when the wisemen came from far,
Led to thy cradle by a star,
Then did the shepherds too rejoice,
Instructed by thy Angel's voice:
Blest were the wisemen in their skill,
And shepherds in their harmless will.

Wisemen in tracing Nature's laws
Ascend unto the highest cause;
Shepherds with humble fearfulness
Walk safely, though their Light be less;
Though wisemen better know the way,
It seems no honest heart can stray.

There is no merit in the wise
But Love (the shepherds' sacrifice):
Wisemen, all ways of knowledge past,
To the shepherds' wonder come at last:
To know can only wonder breed,
And not to know is wonder's seed.

A wiseman at the altar bows
And offers up his studied vows,
And is received,—may not the tears,
Which spring too from a shepherd's fears,
And sighs upon his frailty spent,
Though not distinct, be eloquent?

'Tis true, the object sanctifies
All passions which within us rise;
But since no creature comprehends
The Cause of causes, End of ends,
He who himself vouchsafes to know,
Best pleases his Creator so.

De caelo descendit Γνῶθι σεαυτόν.

When, then, our sorrows we apply
To our own wants and poverty,
When we look up in all distress
And our own misery confess,
Sending both thanks and prayers above,—
Then, though we do not know, we love.

Sidney Godolphin, 1610–1643.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan.

Pope.

CXXXIII

Renew a right spirit within me. Ps. li. 10.

O Jesu, strong, and pure, and true,
Before thy feet we bow:
The grace of earlier years renew,
And lead us onward now.

The joyous life that year by year
Within these walls is stored,
The golden hope, the gladsome cheer,
We bring to thee, O Lord.

Our faith endow with keener powers,
With warmer glow our love,
And draw these halting hearts of ours
From earth to heaven above.

In paths our bravest ones have trod
O make us brave to go,
That we may give our lives to God
In serving man below.

Scorn we the selfish aim and choice,
And love's high precept keep,
'Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.'

So hence shall flow fresh strength and grace,
As from a full-fed spring,
To make the world a better place,
And life a worthier thing.

William Walsham How, 1823–1897.

CXXXIV

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. **Ps. cxxvii. 1, 2.**

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise the mighty Lord,
Our strength and our salvation:
Our fathers' God was he,
Our God he still shall be;
Our fathers praised his name,
Our sons shall praise the same;
Let young and old adore him.

Our House was built in lowly ways,
But God looked down upon her;
He gave her wealth and length of days,
And brought us to great honour:
In life, in death our Guide—
We own no strength beside;
Guard us he did and will,
His hosts are round us still,
Our House shall stand for ever.

Lines 1–4 by Sir Henry Williams Baker, 1841–1877; the remainder by Henry Montagu Butler, b. 1833: line 16 varied.

According to the grace of God which was given unto me, as a wise masterbuilder I laid a foundation: and another buildeth thereon. But let each man take heed how he buildeth thereon. For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ.

1 Cor. iii. 10, 11.

CXXXV

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old. **Ps. xxv. 6.**

O Merciful and Holy,
Who still by steps unknown
In simple hearts and lowly
Dost build thy loftiest throne;
As thou of old wast near us
To bless our Founders' care;
Bow down thine ear and hear us
In this thy house of prayer.

Better than
elf-indulgent
ears,
The outflung
eart of youth,
Than pleasant
ongs in idle
ars,
The tumult of
he truth.

For all the faith and daring
That haunt this honoured pile,
For help that knows no sparing,
And trust that fears no guile,
For praise of this our Mother,
And, sweeter far than fame,
The love of each for other,
We magnify thy name.

For memory's golden treasure,
Our boyhood's cloudless brow,
Each pure and blameless pleasure,
Each brave and holy vow,
For friends still clinging nearer
As sorrows cross our way,
And some by death made dearer,
We thank thee, Lord, to-day.

Whate'er thy love shall send us,
If weal or woe betide,
Do thou our God defend us
Fast anchored by thy side:
Here firm, though all be drifting,
May thousands still adore,
Eye, heart, and voice uplifting,
Till time shall be no more.

Henry Montagu Butler, b. 1833: stanza 2 varied by Edward Mallet Young.

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CXXXVI

Paul planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.
1 Cor. iii. 6.

Thus far the hand that loves to guide **Be ye**
Has brought us on our way, **co-workers**
And for his constant aid supplied **with God.**
We thank our God to-day;
The husbandman the seed may sow,
God's rain and sun must make it grow.

O Christ, on thee our hearts rely
To keep them ever true
To that high mission which we try
Together to pursue;
Let Duty like a beacon burn
For those who teach and those who learn.

O keep us simple, keep us pure
From taint of worldly guile;
Let Faith through all mischance endure,
Hope on each failure smile,
And Love, chief sister of the three,
Turn even defeat to victory.

Anthony Stocker Aglen (1893): 4 stanzas are here omitted.

The light and love in thee we find,
O let us fear to part,
Nor fill with light the eager mind
And leave a loveless heart.

William Romanis.

CXXXVII

This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. Gen. xxviii. 17.

O Light, from age to age the same,
  O ever-living Word,
Here have we felt thy kindling flame,
  Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
  Have winged the spirit's powers,
And made these walls divinely fair,—
  Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years,
  What tender memories throng,
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
  The heart with grateful song.

Vanish the mists of time and sense;
  They come, the loved of yore,
And one encircling Providence
  Holds all for evermore.

O not in vain their toil who wrought
  To build faith's freer shrine,
Nor theirs whose love and hope and thought
  Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide:
  While systems rise and fall,
Faith, Hope, and Charity abide,
  The heart and soul of all.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer, b. 1840: lines 2 and 19 varied.

For still we run the race, and fight
  The fight of faith below;
But some, where faith is lost in sight,
  Have triumphed o'er the foe,
And from a happy place look down
On those still striving for the crown.

A. S. Aglen.

CXXXVIII

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee [*P.B.V.* I will wish thee prosperity].

Ps. cxxii. 8.

From many ways and wide apart,
  Obedient to thy call,
Hither we turn with loyal heart,
  Dear Mother of us all!

And with us others come unseen,
  Unheard their footsteps fall;
Voices long hushed to earth within
  The cloistered silence call.

For more than gold has been the lore
  We learned beside thy knee,—
The Faith that grows from more to more,
  The Truth that makes us free;

The strength to do and to endure
  Through good report and ill,
The heart of love, the conscience pure,
  And the undaunted will.

Be proud, O Mother, of thy past!
  It lives in thee to-day,
And still its high traditions cast
  Their light upon thy way.

Our love and hope ring out their chime
  Above thy festival;
Blessings upon thee through all time,
  Thou who hast blessed us all!

Frederick Lucian Hosmer, b. 1840 (1890): stanza 2 omitted, and line 5 varied.

CXXXIX

The God of love and peace shall be with you.
2 Cor. xiii. 11.

With the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go,
To life, we trust, that shall not cease,
But, endless, grow.

With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.

With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below and thine above
With them shall dwell.

With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on thee;
That thou, O Lord, in life and death,
Their help wilt be.

Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

Farewell! in hope and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till he, whose home is ours above,
Unite us there.

The original of this hymn, of which only 7 lines stand unaltered in the Rugby Hymn Book, 1897, was by George Watson, b. 1816 (1867), and is to be found in E. Paxton Hood's Hymn Book, 1868. Lines 3, 4 varied.

CXL

The angel which hath redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads.
Gen. xlviii. 16.

Standing forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
For we know not what of harm
May betide them:
'Neath the shadow of thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to thee,
Thou wilt hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them;
Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be thou near them.

Unto thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them:
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them—
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them:
Trustful, in thy hands of love
We must leave them.

**I pray the prayer of Plato old,
God make thee beautiful within,
And let thine eyes the good behold
In everything save sin.**

William Cullen Bryant, 1794–1878: line 3 varied.

Tell me, bright boy! tell me, my golden lad!
Whither away so frolic? Why so glad?
What! *all* thy wealth in council? *all* thy state?
Are husks so dear? Troth, 'tis a mighty rate!

Richard Crashaw, 1616–1650?.

Πᾶν τε καὶ ἄλλοι ὅσοι τῇδε Θεοί, δοίητέ μοι καλῷ γενέσθαι τἀνδοθεν· ἔξωθεν δ' ὅσα ἔχω, τοῖς ἐντὸς εἶναί μοι φίλια.

Plato.

CXLI

That which I have done
May He within Himself make pure.
Tennyson.

ou can
emember:
ou can
lso hope.

O'er the harvest reaped or lost
Falls the eve; our tasks are over:
Purpose crowned or purpose crossed
None may mar and none recover.
Now, O merciful and just,
Trembling lay we down the trust;
Slender fruit of thriftless day,
Father, at thy feet we lay.

Yea, but thou, O Judge and Lord,
Yea, but thou, O strong and holy,
Take, and, in thy bosom stored,
By thy pure hands changing wholly,
Turn to gold our things of naught,
Failing deed and failing thought:
Love, how faint, yet love, we give;
Thou within thee make it live.

Gracious task our heart shall bear
Now, for sweeter call has found us:
Airs of home and days that were
Wind re-woven chains around us;
By the hearthstone, whence we came,
Love shall trim her gentler flame,
Kindled new from undefiled
Ancient altars of the child.

Brothers, whom the wider life
Summons to a man's endeavour,
Bear our blessing to the strife,
Comrades once and comrades ever:
Yours and ours, one saving star,
Here and on your fields afar,
Lightens from beside the throne,
Where the one Lord makes us one.

John Huntly Skrine, b. 1848 (1884).

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is he than breathing,
and nearer than hands and feet.

Tennyson.

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay:
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

Hartley Coleridge.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Tennyson.

O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

Montgomery.

Religion is no more possible without prayer, than poetry without language, or music without atmosphere.

Martineau.

AFTERNOON PRAYERS

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

O Lord God of Life, who dost quicken the souls of men with thy regenerating spirit, and hast promised that thou wilt never turn away thy face from them that turn to thee in penitence and faith, suffer us not, we beseech thee, to forget the faults and shortcomings of this passing day, till we have repented and besought thy pardon. Cleanse our hearts from every stain of impure thought, and from all suggestion of evil. Chasten us, but in thy mercy, that we may amend our lives. If we have done wrong to others, help us to undo it. If we have slipped, permit us not to fall; if we have fallen, raise us up, and strengthen and purify us in the blood of Christ our Saviour, who bore our sins that we might cease from sinning, who died on the cross that we might die unto sin, and who rose from the dead that we might rise with him and live unto righteousness for ever and ever.

O Lord God of Love, who dost reveal thyself as the eternal Father in thine eternal Son, we magnify thy name for all thy blessings, and in particular for the teaching received from thee in this House of Learning; which do thou so imprint on our hearts and minds, that we, daily advancing in the knowledge of

thy works and will in earth and heaven, may daily grow in wisdom, and in grace, and in power to do thee service. Help us, O King of Righteousness, to hasten the coming of thy righteous kingdom: deliver us from all fear save the fear of evil-doing; and kindle us with zeal for Christ, the Captain of our Salvation, whom may we so steadfastly follow during the day of battle, that, when the night cometh, our lives may be found to have been to thy glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who is to us both the Light, and the Life, and the Truth, and our Way unto thee, and who hath taught us to approach thee, O Father of the spirits of all flesh, with these words of prayer:

Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done on earth,
As it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread:
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive them that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, the power,
And the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the fellowship of the Holy Spirit,
Be with us all evermore. Amen.

God pardons those who do through frailty sin,
But never those that persevere therein.

CXLII

I bring you good tidings of great joy.
Luke ii. 10.

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–1751 (Dec. 28, 1735): stanzas 2 and 6 omitted; line 9 varied as in 1755.

The Lord is come! In every Heart
Where truth and mercy claim a part;
In every Land where reigns the right,
And deeds of darkness shun the light;
In every Church where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above;
In every holy, happy Home,
We bless thee, Lord, that thou hast come.

The last stanza of a hymn by Dean Stanley: line 3 varied.

CXLIII

I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
Rev. xix. 6 (A.V.)

Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
'Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;'
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

'Hallelujah!'—Hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end,—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854 (1818): line 10 as in 1825, but 'From the depths unto the skies' in 1819, 1825 MS., and 1853.

And when all things have been subjected unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subjected to him that did subject all things unto him, that God may be all in all.—*1 Cor. xv. 28.*

CXLIV

The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.
Luke xvii. 20.

Hark what a sound, and too divine for hearing,
Stirs on the earth and trembles in the air;
Is it the thunder of the Lord's appearing?
Is it the music of his people's prayer?

Surely he cometh, and a thousand voices
Shout to the saints, and to the deaf are dumb;
Surely he cometh; and the earth rejoices,
Glad in his coming who hath sworn, I come.

This hath he done, and shall we not adore him?
This shall he do, and can we still despair?
Come, let us gladly fling ourselves before him,
Cast at his feet the burden of our care.

Yea, thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,
Christ shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed;
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

The final stanzas from St. Paul, a poem by Frederic William Henry Myers, 1843–1901 (1867).

NAI EPXOMAI TAXY
AMHN EPXOY KYPIE

CHRISTMAS

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
  The moon is hid; the night is still;
  The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
  That now dilate, and now decrease,
  Peace and good will, good will and peace,
Peace and good will, to all mankind.

. . . .

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
  Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
  O Father, touch the East, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

Tennyson.

CXLV

They fell down and worshipped him.
Matt. ii. 11.

Behould a sely tender Babe,
In freesing winter nighte,
In homely manger trembling lies;
Alas a pitious sighte!

The inns are full, no man will yelde
This little Pilgrime bedd;
But forced he is with sely beastes
In cribb to shroude his headd.

Despise not him for lyinge there,
First what he is enquire;
An orient perle is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

Waye not his cribbe, his wodden dishe
Nor beastes that by him feede;
Waye not his mother's poore attire,
Nor Josephe's simple weede.

This stable is a Prince's courte,
The cribbe his chaire of state;
The beastes are parcell of his pompe,
The wodden dishe his plate.

The parsons in that poore attire
His royall liveries weare;
The Prince himself is come from heaven,
This pompe is prised there.

With joy approch, O Christian wighte!
Do homage to thy Kinge;
And highly prise this humble pompe,
Which he from heaven doth bringe.

Robert Southwell, 1590–1593. First printed in 'St. Peter's Complaint, newly augmented with other poems' (conjecturally dated 1596).

CXLVI

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.'

Δόξα ἐν ὑψίστοις Θεῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς εἰρήνη ἐν ἀνθρώποις εὐδοκίας. **Luke ii. 13, 14.**

Hark! the herald angels sing, ΕΤΕΧΘΗ
'Glory to the new born king: ΥΜΙΝ
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, ΣΗΜΕΡΟΝ
God and sinners reconciled.' ΣΩΤΗΡ
Joyful, all ye nations, rise, ΟΣ ΕΣΤΙ
Join the triumph of the skies; ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ
Universal nature say, ΚΥΡΙΟΣ
'Christ, the Lord, is born to-day.'

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:
Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head:
Adam's likeness, Lord, efface;
Stamp thine image in its place:
O to all thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788 (1739): lines 1, 2, 9 altered by George Whitefield (1753). The hymn originally began 'Hark how all the welkin rings Glory to the King of kings,' and contains 40 lines.

CXLVII

On earth peace. Luke ii. 14.

ΕΠΙ ΓΗΣ
ΕΙΡΗΝΗ

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:—
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edward Hamilton Sears, 1810–1876 (1850).

CXLVIII

But thou, Beth-lehem Ephrathah, . . . out of thee shall one come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel. Micah v. 2.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep
And dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:

Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light:
The hopes and fears
Of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep,
The angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing
To God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts
To human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.

No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will
Receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed child,
Where misery
Cries out to thee,
Son of the mother mild;

Where charity stands watching,
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes,
The glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

O holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin,
And enter in;
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us,
Abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks, 1835–1893.

And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you.—*Eph. iv. 32.*

CXLIX

His name shall be called . . . Prince of Peace. Is. ix. 6.

'What means this glory round our feet,'
The Magi mused, 'more bright than morn?'
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born.'

'What means that Star,' the Shepherds said,
'That brightens through the rocky glen?'
And Angels answering overhead
Sang, 'Peace on earth, good will to men!'

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, 'Peace on earth, good will to men!'

And they who do their souls no wrong,
And keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angels' song,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born.'

James Russell Lowell, 1819–1893 (1888): stanza 3, 4 omitted.

THE STAR

'The star is risen, the King of kings is born!'
With trembling haste they crossed the deserts wild,
And burning noons and weary nights forlorn
Were all forgotten, when they saw the Child.

One night, for us, the Star shall stand at rest;
From gold and myrrh loosed softly by His grace,
Who shall recall the aching, life-long quest
In presence of His glory, face to face?

Mary Rowles Jarvis.

CL

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. Matt. ii. 10.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led by thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

Aurea nascenti fuderunt munera Regi, Thura dedere Deo, myrrham tribuere Sepulto.

Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light:
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King!

William Chatterton Dix, b. 1837–1898 (c. 1860): in line 6 'to,' and in 12 'thy' appear also authentic.

THE SPIRITUAL FAST

Is not this the Fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?

Lesson for Ash Wednesday.

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Micah vi. 8.

CLI

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. **Ps. li. 17.**

Hear me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein thy love.

If thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee.

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Ben Jonson, 1573–1637 (1640): the first three stanzas of his Hymn to God the Father.

. . . Hearts that verily repent,
Are burdened with impunity,
And comforted by chastisement.
That penalty's the best to bear,
Which follows soonest on the sin;
And guilt's a game where losers fare
Better than those who seem to win.

Coventry Patmore, 1823–1896.

Δι' ἀλγηδόνων καὶ ὀδυνῶν γίγνεται ἡ ὠφέλεια· οὐ γὰρ οἷόν τε ἄλλως ἀδικίας ἀπαλλάττεσθαι. *Plato.*

CLII

Whom resist, stedfast in the faith. 1 Peter v. 9 (A.V.)

Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them! Christ is with thee,
Soldier of the cross.

Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin!
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Smite them! Christ is with thee;
Watch, and pray, and fast!

Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
'Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?'
Christian, answer boldly,
'While I breathe, I pray:'
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne.

Written by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866 (1862), and styled a translation from a Greek hymn, Οὐ γὰρ βλέπεις τοὺς ταράττοντας; *—which has not hitherto been traced—by Andrew of Crete, c. 660–732: lines 7, 8, 15, 16 varied.*

CLIII

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. Matt. xxvi. 41.

Christian, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away:
Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray.

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with warning voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

Hear, above them all, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,
'Watch and pray.'

Watch, as if on thee alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, till sin be overthrown—
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789–1871. It appeared in her 'Morning and Evening Hymns for a Week,' 1839, assigned to Wednesday morning: lines 2, 15, 17, 23 varied.

Be ye of sound mind, and be sober unto prayer.
1 Peter iv. 7.

L'homme doit agir comme s'il pouvait tout, et se résigner comme s'il ne pouvait rien.

CLIV

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matt. xi. 28.

Art thou weary? art thou burdened?
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to me,' saith One, 'and, coming,
Be at rest.'

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
'In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side.'

Hath he diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.'

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed.'

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
'Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.'

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
'Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, YES!'

Written by John Mason Neale, (1818–1866), and styled a translation from St. Stephen of Saba's **Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον,** *725–794: lines 9, 27 varied. The hymn usually begins 'Art thou weary, art thou languid?' The original Greek has not been found since Dr. Neale's death.*

CLIV

Venite ad me omnes, qui laboratis et onerati estis, et ego reficiam vos. Matt. xi. 28.

Scis te lassum ? scis languentem ?
Luctu contristaris ?
Audin, 'Veni, veniensque
Pace perfruaris.'

Notas habet, quas agnorim
Istum consectatus ?
'Manus, plantae, cruentatae,
Cruentatum latus.'

Ecquid portat pro corona
Quae monarchas ornat ?
'Diadema, sed spinarum,
Frontem hanc adornat.'

Sin obnitar, sin attingam,
Qui remunerabit ?
'Luctus, fletus, ac laborum
Largitatem dabit.'

Sin obstrictus adhaerebo,
Quis in fine status ?
'Viae meta, luctus fuga,
Labor exantlatus.'

Si receptum supplicassim,
Votum exaudiret ?
'Quanquam terra, quanquam caelum
In ruinam iret.'

Persistentem, perluctantem
Certus est beare ?
'Vates quisque, Martyr, Virgo,
Angelus, testare!'

William Ewart Gladstone, 1809–1898 (1875). A translation of the foregoing hymn, the 27th line of which originally ran 'Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins.'

CLV

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.
Is. liii. 4.

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed:
We come before thee at thy gracious word,
And lay them at thy feet: thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past,—how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present,—each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear,
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future,—gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this, Thou knowest, Lord?

Thou knowest,—not alone as God, all-knowing;
As Man, our mortal weakness thou hast proved:
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, thou hast wept, and thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore we come, thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrow at thy feet,
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed we leave thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

Jane Borthwick, 1813–1897: changed to the plural throughout, and line 23 varied.

CLVI

And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put under his head, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Beth-el. **Gen. xxviii. 18, 19.**

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun moon and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,—
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE,
NEARER TO THEE.

Sarah Adams (neé Flower), 1805–1848 (1841): lines 5 and 17 varied.

CLVII

God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.
1 John i. 5.

Eternal Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live and look on thee!

The spirits that surround thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Who, undefiled, have never known
A fallen world like this.

O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:—

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light
Through the Eternal Love!

Thomas Binney, 1798–1874: line 9 varied.

CLVIII

Jesus said unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father, but by me. John xiv. 6.

Thou art the Way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George Washington Doane, b. 1832.

Who dwells within that secret place
Where tumult enters not,
Is never cold with terror base,
Never with anger hot.
For if an evil host should dare
His very heart invest,
God is his deeper heart, and there
He enters in to rest.

When mighty sea winds madly blow,
And tear the scattered waves,
Peaceful as summer woods, below
Lie darkling ocean caves:
The wind of words may toss my heart,
But what is that to me!
'Tis but a surface storm—Thou art
My deep, still, resting sea.

George Macdonald.

CLIX

My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and weary land, where no water is. **Ps. lxiii. 1.**

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. **Ps. xlii. 2.**

My spirit longs for thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a guest:

Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from thee:

Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found:

No rest is to be found
But in thy blessed love:
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

John Byrom, 1692–1763 (1773): lines 1 and 3 are, in the original, 'My spirit longeth for thee' and 'Although I be unworthy.'

Cheer up, desponding soul!
Thy longing pleased I see;
'Tis part of that great whole
Wherewith I longed for thee:

Wherewith I longed for thee
And left my Father's throne,
From death to set thee free,
To claim thee for my own:

To claim thee for my own
I suffered on the cross:
O were my love but known,
No soul could fear its loss:

No soul could fear its loss,
But filled with love divine
Would die on its own cross,
And rise for ever mine.

John Byrom.

CLX

Infelix, quis me liberabit?
Rom. vii. 24.

We name thy name, O God,
As our God call on thee,
Though the dark heart meantime
Far from thy ways may be.

And we can own thy law,
And we can sing thy songs,
While the sad inner soul
To sin and shame belongs.

On us thy love may glow,
As the pure midday fire
On some foul spot looks down;
And yet the mire be mire.

Then spare us not thy fires,
The searching light and pain;
Burn out our sin; and, last,
With thy love heal again.

Francis Turner Palgrave, 1825–1897.

Let thy repentance be without delay—
If thou defer it to another day,
Thou must repent for a day more of sin
While a day less remains to do it in.

John Byrom.

Le remords est le châtiment du crime; le repentir en est l'expiation. L'un appartient à une conscience tourmentée; l'autre à une âme changée en mieux.

Joseph Joubert, 1754–1824.

CLXI

My God shall fulfil every need of yours.
Phil. iv. 19.

Author of good, to thee I turn,
Thy ever watchful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unasked, the good thou knowest, grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

James Merrick, 1720–1769: stanzas 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 omitted and 'what' replaced by 'the' in the last two lines.

THORNS IN THE FLESH

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good
Quicken our gratitude.

William Dean Howells, b. 1837.

CLXII

Give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.
Ps. xvii. 1.

Lord! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
Our broken spirits, pitying, see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam HOPE upon the heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to thee in praise.
Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
Thy mercies we'll review,
Till LOVE divine transported tell
Our God's our Father too.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share,
That is not wholly thine:
Let FAITH each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis Goodness still
That grants it,—or denies.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, 1758–1804 (1805).

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Shakespeare.

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla;
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

From the 'Dies Irae' of Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan Friar of the 13th century, and the friend and biographer of St. Francis of Assisi. Stanzas 1, 4, 5.

Is there but one day of judgment? Why, for us every day is a Dies Irae, and writes its irrevocable edict in the flame of its West. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses, it waits at the corners of your streets. We are in the midst of judgment. The insects that we crush are our judges, the moments we fret away are our judges; the elements that feed us, judge, as they minister, and the pleasures that deceive us, judge, as they indulge. Let us, for our lives, do the work of men while we bear the form of them, if indeed those lives are not as a vapour, and do not vanish away.

Ruskin.

Ὀψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλαι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά.

CLXIII

And five of them were foolish.
Matt. xxv. 2.

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;
And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now.

No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!
No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Tennyson.

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend;
Eternity mourns that.

Henry Taylor.

CLXIV

For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Isaiah xli. 13.

Hold thou my hands:
In grief and joy, in hope and fear,
Lord, let me feel that thou art near;
Hold thou my hands!

If e'er, by doubts
Of thy good fatherhood depressed,
I cannot find in thee my rest,
Hold thou my hands!

Hold thou my hands,
These passionate hands too quick to smite,
These hands so eager for delight,
Hold thou my hands!

And when, at length,
With darkened eyes and fingers cold,
I seek some last loved hand to hold,
Hold thou my hands!

William Canton, b. 1845 (1894).

And the arms of his hands were made strong, by the hands of the Mighty One of Jacob.—Gen. xlix. 24.

CLXV

I made supplication for thee, that thy faith fail not.
Luke xxii. 32.

In the hour of trial, JESU ORA PRO ME
Jesu, pray for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from thee:
When thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then upon thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me dying
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854 (Oct. 13, 1834).

CLXVI

While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.
Rom. v. 8.

All my sins uprising now
Wring my heart and brand my brow;
Sins of childhood, sins of youth,
Despite done to grace and truth:
Is there mercy left for me?
'Jesus died! He died for thee.'

Deeds and words and fancies vain
Darker, deadlier, made the stain
On the record kept on high,
On my soul condemned to die;
Is there cleansing left for me?
'Jesus bled! He bled for thee.'

Ah! my heart is hard within,
Callous through repeated sin;
When I fain would kneel and pray,
Satan steals the power away:
Say what hope remains for me?
'Jesus prayed! He prays for thee.'

Once, far back, in earlier years
I bedewed my couch with tears:
Now, no bitter drops will flow
From my deeper fount of woe;
Death and judgement wait for me!
'Jesus wept! He wept for thee.'

Dare I lift my guilty face,
I who trampled on his grace?
Dare I seek the throne of light,
Where his saints are clad in white?
How they all would shrink from me!
'Jesus turns! He looks for thee.'

'Jesus died, to make thee whole;
Bled, to cleanse thy guilty soul;
Prayed for thee, and thou hast part;
Wept, to break thy sinful heart;
Jesus speaks! poor sinner, see!
Rise, look up! He calleth thee!'

George Samuel Hodges, 1827–1899 (1885).

CLXVII

Behold, I stand at the door and knock. Rev. iii. 20.

With patient heart, O Man, before
Thy closed, inhospitable door
I stand, and watch, and wait;
In earnest tones I sadly plead;
My oft-repeated summons heed;
Open, ere yet too late!

Knowst thou my voice? The Shepherd I,
Who seek the lost, who dared to die
To save my chosen flock:
Bid me come in and sup with thee;
Ope wide the door and welcome me;
I stand without and knock.

What marvel if thou scarce canst hear
My frequent summons, soft yet clear,
For still—thy house within—
Mixed with confused, conflicting cries,
From room to room the tumult flies,
The revelry of sin.

Within thy house wild passions dwell,
That every gentler thought repel,
And feast each evil guest;
On me alone thou shutt'st the door;
Yet who, like me, can calm restore,
And give thee peace and rest?

Day wanes; not far the night doth lurk,
The night, wherein can no man work,
The darkness of the tomb:
With patient heart I stand and wait,
Open, O Man! ere yet too late,
Ere denser grows the gloom!

Day wanes; the sun hath almost set,
With dews of night my locks are wet;
Ah! wilt thou hearken never?
Thy day of grace is almost o'er,
Except thou hear and ope the door,
I leave thee—and for ever!

Walter William Skeat, b. 1835: stanza 5 omitted.

CLXVIII

Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me. **Rev. iii. 20.**

O Jesu, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame, upon us,
To keep him standing there.

O Jesu, thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred;
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesu, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?'
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

William Walsham How, 1823–1897 (1867).

And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness.

Tennyson.

CLXIX

If a man love me, he will keep my word: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. **John xiv. 23.**

Come in, O come! the door stands open now;
I knew thy voice; Lord Jesus, it was thou.
The sun has set long since, the storms begin;
'Tis time for thee, my Saviour; O come in!

Come even now! But think not here to find
A lodging, Lord, and converse to thy mind:
The lamp burns low, the hearth is chill and pale;
Wet through the broken casement pours the gale.

Alas! ill-ordered shows the dreary room;
The household stuff lies heaped amidst the gloom,
The table empty stands, the couch undressed;
Ah, what a welcome for the eternal guest.

Yet welcome, welcome now! this doleful scene
Is even itself my cause to hail thee in;
This dark confusion even at once demands
Thine own bright presence, Lord, and ordering hands.

I seek no more to alter things or mend
Before the coming of so great a Friend;
All were, at best, unseemly; and 'twere ill,
Beyond all else, to keep thee waiting still.

Then, as thou art, all holiness and bliss,
Come in, and see my chamber as it is:
I bid thee welcome boldly in the name
Of thy great glory and my want and shame.

Come not to find but make this troubled heart
A dwelling worthy of thee as thou art;
To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin,
Come all thyself, yea, come, Lord Jesus, in.

Handley Carr Glyn Moule (Bishop of Durham), b. 1841 (1874).

CLXX

He saith unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left the nets, and followed him. **Matt. iv. 19, 20.**

Jesus calls us,—o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow me;'

As, of old, Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love me more.'

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love me more than these.'

Jesus calls us: by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thine obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander (née Humphreys), 1823–1895 (1852): lines 5 and 18 varied.

He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.—*Matt. x. 37.*

Follow the Christ, the King;
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King—
Else, wherefore born?

Tennyson.

THE YOKE OF JESUS

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

Matt. xi. 28–30.

CLXXI

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.
John vi. 37.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott. 1789–1871 (1836): stanza 5 omitted.

CLXXII

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us.
1 John iv. 10.

O the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
'All of self, and none of thee.'

Yet he found me; I beheld him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard him pray: 'Forgive them, Father!'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
'Some of self, and some of thee.'

Day by day his tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
'Less of self, and more of thee.'

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's petition,
'None of self, and all of thee.'

Ἡ ἀγάπη τοῦ Χριστοῦ συνέχει ἡμᾶς.

Theodore Monod, b. 1836 (1874):
line 19 varied.

No longer I, but Christ liveth in me.
Gal. ii. 20.

CLXXIII

Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost.
Luke xv. 6

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

'Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?'
But the Shepherd made answer: 'This of mine
Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.'

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed; [through,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?'
'They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the shepherd could bring him back.'
'Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?'
'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.'

And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep.'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice! for the Lord brings back his own.'

Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, 1830–1866 (1868).

THREE PARABLES

I was not resolute in heart and will
  To rise up suddenly and seek thy face,
  Leaving the swine-husks in the desert place,
And crying, 'I have sinned; receive me still!'

I could not, even at the Shepherd's voice,
  Startle and thrill, with yearnings for the fold,
  Till he should take me in his blessed hold,
And lay me on his shoulder and rejoice.

But lying silent, will-less in the dark,
  A little piece of silver, lost from thee,
  I only knew thy hands were seeking me,
And that I bore, through all, thy heavenly mark.

Elizabeth Waterhouse (1899).

CLXXIV

Again a second time he went away, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cannot pass away, except I drink it, thy will be done. **Matt. xxvi. 42.**

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done.

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what is thine;
Thy will be done.

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I'll strive to say,
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789–1871 (1834): stanza 6 omitted and line 15 varied.

CLXXV

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.
Ps. cxxx. 1.

Out of the deep I call
To thee, O Lord, to thee;
Before thy throne of grace I fall;
Be merciful to me.

Out of the deep I cry—
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

Out of the deep of fear
And dread of coming shame
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious name.

Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was with thee;
Before thy throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me.

Sir Henry Williams Baker, 1821–1877.

The Lord is full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. . . . The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him. *Ps. ciii. 8, 17.*

Think, and be careful what thou art within;
For there is sin in the desire of sin:
Think, and be thankful in a different case;
For there is grace in the desire of grace.

John Byrom.

The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be.

Tennyson.

CLXXVI

We have not an High Priest, who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. **Heb. iv. 15.**

There is no sorrow, Lord, too slight
To bring in prayer to thee;
There is no burdening care too light
To wake thy sympathy.

Thou who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress:
The love, which bore the greater load,
Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Fox Crewdson, 1809–1863.

CLXXVII

Father, I have sinned. **Luke xv. 21.**

Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come.

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.

Doth a mighty famine reign
In thy heart and on thy soul?
Let not sorrow cloud thy brain;
Turn thee, God will make thee whole.

He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear:
Seek him, for he may be found,
Call upon him, he is near.

James Freeman Clark, 1810–1888 (1844): lines 9 and 11 varied.

CLXXVIII

Thy name shall be no more called Jacob, but Israel: for thou hast striven with God and with men, and hast prevailed.

Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there!
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end!
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy heart doth move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788 (1742). The original hymn, entitled 'Wrestling Jacob' (see Gen. xxxii. 24–31), has 14 stanzas, of which 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 11, 9 are printed above; line 41 varied.

CLXXIX

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.
Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.
Lord, thine eternal truth,
Thy never-failing love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee:
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

Thou everywhere hast way,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

John Wesley, 1703–1791 (1739): from the German of Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676), 'Befiehl du deine Wege' (1656). The original hymn has 16 acrostic stanzas of 8 lines. Lines 25, 26 varied.

CLXXX

That Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith.
Eph. iii. 17.

Jesu, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art;
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show!
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesu, dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordi gaudia:
Sed super mel et omnia
Eius dulcis praesentia.

Nil canitur süavius,
Nil auditur iucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

Jesu, spes paenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus!
Quam bonus te quaerentibus!
Sed quid invenientibus?

Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec littera exprimere;
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

These are the initial stanzas (omitting the fourth) of the famous 'Jubilus rhythmicus de nomine Jesu' written by Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153), perhaps after the failure of the Second Crusade (1146), which he had preached: 4 stanzas from 42. The version given above is by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878 (1849), with one variation in line 16.

CLXXXI

Whom not having seen ye love. 1 Peter i. 8.

Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.

Jesu, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine:
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal
All glorious as thou art.

Ray Palmer, 1808-1887 (1858): stanzas 2 and 3 omitted.

DIVINE AND HUMAN

Jesu, Saviour, Friend most dear!
Dwell thou with us daily here!
By thine own life teach us this—
How divine the human is.

One with God, as heart with heart,
Saviour, lift us where thou art!
Join us to his life through thine,
Human still, though all divine!

Lucy Larcom.

CLXXXII

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Romans viii. 38—39

Jesu, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am,
Be thou alone my constant flame.

O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone;
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
O Jesu, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

loseth
thing
at loseth
t God.

In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesu, in that transcendent hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Condensed from Paul Gerhardt, 1607–1676 (1653) by John Wesley (1739): lines 11–16 and stanzas 4–15 are omitted. Lines 12, 16 varied. Gerhardt's hymn is said to be based on a work by John Arndt, 1555–1621.

CLXXXIII

. . . The hope set before us, which we have as an anchor of the soul, a hope both sure and stedfast. [Heb. vi. 18, 19.

Now I have found the ground wherein
  Sure my soul's anchor may remain:—
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
  Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

Father, thy everlasting grace
  Our scanty thought surpasses far,
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
  Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

O love, thou bottomless abyss!
  My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
  Nor spot of guilt remains in me,
While Jesu's blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free boundless mercy cries.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
  Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
  Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
  Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
  When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

John Wesley, 1703–1791 (1740), from the German of Johann Andreas Rothe (1688–1758), 'Ich habe nun den Grund gefunden': stanza 4 omitted.

CLXXXIV

The world knew him not . . . they that were his own received him not. John i. 10—11.

My song is Love unknown;
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
Oh, who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

He came from his blest throne,
Salvation to bestow:
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.
But O! my Friend;
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

Sometimes they strow his way,
And his sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King.
Then 'Crucify!'
Is all their breath,
And for his death
They thirst and cry.

Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst him rise.

They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful he
To suffering goes,
That he his foes
From thence might free.

In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was his home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein he lay.

Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was Love, dear King!
Never was Grief like thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

Samuel Crossman, 1624–1683.

As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

2 Cor. vi. 10.

SILENT BEFORE GOD

Not in the tumult of the rending storm,
  Not in the earthquake or devouring flame.
But in the hush that could all fear transform,
  The still small whisper to the Prophet came.

O Soul, keep silence on the mount of God,
  Though cares and needs throb round thee like a sea,
From supplications and desires unshod
  Be still, and hear what God shall say to thee.

All fellowship hath interludes of rest,
  New strength maturing in each poise of power:
The sweetest Alleluias of the blest
  Are silent for the space of half an hour.

O rest, in utter quietude of soul:
  Abandon words, leave prayer and praise awhile;
Let thy whole being, hushed in his control,
  Learn the full meaning of his voice and smile.

Not as an athlete wrestling for a crown,
  Not taking heaven by violence of will,
But with thy Father as a child sit down,
  And know the bliss that follows his 'Be still.'

Mary Rowles Jarvis, stanza 3 omitted.

And there was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour.—*Rev. viii. 1.*

CLXXXV

A great and strong wind rent the mountains . . . but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire, a still small voice [Heb. a sound of gentle stillness]. **1 Kings xix. 11, 12.**

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall,
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and thy balm:
Let sense be dumb,—its heats expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893: from the Brewing of Soma, stanzas 12–17; lines 2, 26, 28 varied.

CLXXXVI

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee. **Is. xxvi. 3.**

Peace, perfect peace,—in this dark world of sin?
The voice of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace,—by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace,—with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace,—with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace,—our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace,—in suffering's sharpest throes?
The sympathy of Jesus breathes repose.

Peace, perfect peace,—death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's conflict soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Edward Henry Bickersteth, b. 1825 (1875):
lines 2, 15 varied.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
'Peace, be still.'
Godfrey Thring.

The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest.
Tennyson.

Τὸ φρόνημα τοῦ πνεύματος ζωὴ καὶ εἰρήνη.

CLXXXVII

A little while, and ye shall see me.
John xvi. 16.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–1891 (c. 1842):
stanza 5 is here omitted.

CLXXXVIII

Thou sparest all, for they are thine, O Lord, thou lover of souls.
Wisdom xi. 26.

Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Wilt thou not regard my call?
Wilt thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
Lo! on thee I cast my care.
Reach me out thy gracious hand:
While I of thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold, I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art:
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley. 1707–1788 (1740).

CLXXXIX

But the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. **Luke xviii. 13.**

Sinful, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest;
God be merciful to me.

Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
God be merciful to me.

Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to thee;
Yet thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me.

From this sinful heart of mine
To thy bosom I would flee:
I am not my own but thine:
God be merciful to me.

There is One beside the Throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in him, and him alone:
God be merciful to me.

He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all; and for his sake
God be merciful to me.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811–1875.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.
Luke xviii. 14.

CXC

Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!
Luke vi. 26.

Not when, with self dissatisfied,
O Lord, I lowly lie,
So much I need thy grace to guide,
And thy reproving eye,—

As when the sound of human praise
Grows pleasant to mine ear,
And, in its light, my broken ways
Fair and complete appear.

By failure and defeat made wise,
We come to know, at length,
What strength within our weakness lies,
What weakness in our strength;

What inward peace is born of strife,
What power, of being spent;
What wings unto our upward life
Is noble discontent.

O Lord, we need thy shaming look
That burns all low desire;
The discipline of thy rebuke
Shall be refining fire.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer, b. 1840:
line 6 varied.

Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Tennyson.

My grace is sufficient for thee: for my power is made perfect in weakness. *2 Cor. xii. 9.*

CXCI

Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Is. i. 18.

Weary of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in:
But there no evil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
'Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.'

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe;
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like myrrh poured forth let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Samuel John Stone, 1839–1900 (1866). The Author finally wrote 'so' for 'and' in line 27, and 'through' for 'and' in line 28.

AFOREHAND

She broke her hoarded box with yearning love,
And poured the ointment o'er his sacred feet;
And round her name, in earth and heaven above,
The odour of the spikenard still is sweet.

They brought rich spices when the night was past,
To lavish on the dead their costly store,
A gift too late into love's treasury cast,
The Christ had risen, alive for evermore.

Sweet were their perfumes in the garden gloom,
But richer far the love that knew no loss,
That stayed not for the heartbreak or the tomb,
But strengthened him, aforehand, for the cross.

Mary Rowles Jarvis.

She hath done what she could: she hath anointed my body aforehand for the burying.

Mark xiv. 8.

CXCII

And it came to pass, as they were parting from him, Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here: and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elijah: not knowing what he said. Luke ix. 33.

'Stay, Master, stay upon this heavenly hill;
A little longer let us linger still;
With these two mighty ones of old beside,
Near to the awful Presence still abide:
Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

'Stay, Master, stay! we breathe a purer air;
This life is not the life that waits us there;
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses, come and go;
We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know:
Wrapt in this cloud of light, we seem to be
The thing we fain would grow—eternally.'

'No!' saith the Lord, 'the hour is past; we go:
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there:
Here we sought God that we might know his will,
There we must do it, serve him, seek him still.'

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
He who best does his lowly duty here,
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere:
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.

Samuel Greg, 1804–1877 (1854).

Other heights in other lives, God willing.
Browning.

CXCIII

In thy light shall we see light. Psalm xxxvi. 9.

O Infinite of joy and light
  Wherewith we are surrounded,
We lift our spirits to thy height
  Unfathomed and unbounded:
Thy greatness drowns our petty cares;
Thy heaven is in us, unawares.

O Infinite of righteousness,
  Breath of our inmost being!
Thy purity will cleanse and bless
  The soul from evil fleeing:
We hide our sin-stained hearts in thee,
And pray 'As thou art, let me be!'

O Infinitely loving one!
  Redeemer, Guide, and Brother!
By thee, the warm revealing Sun,
  We see and love each other;
With thy deep life our lives we blend,
And find ourselves in thee, our friend.

Lucy Larcom, 1826–1893.

A deep below the deep,
  And a height beyond the height!
Our hearing is not hearing,
  And our seeing is not sight.

Tennyson.

CXCIV

And the children of Israel saw the face of Moses, that the skin of Moses' face shone. **Exod. xxxiv. 35.**

Now when they beheld the boldness of Peter and John, and had perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus. **Acts iv. 13.**

On the next day when they were come down from the mountain, a great multitude met him.

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

'Lord, it is good abiding here,'
We cry, the heavenly Presence near:
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies!

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways;

His name shall be on their foreheads.

Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision,—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer, b. 1840 (1882).

See that thou make them after their pattern, which hath been shewed thee in the mount.—*Exod. xxv. 40.*

Wherefore, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—*Acts xxvi. 19.*

CXCV

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise. Matt. xxi. 16.

All glory, laud, and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring!

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

The company of angels
Are praising thee on high;
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

A translation by John Mason Neale, 1818–1866 (1857, varied in 1859), of some stanzas from 'Gloria, laus, et honor,' the Palm Sunday hymn written in prison about 820 by Theodulph, Bishop of Orleans, d. 821.

CXCVI

And the multitudes that went before him, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.
Matt. xxi. 9.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry:
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain;
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman, 1791–1868 (1827): line 3 varied, lines 15–18 omitted.

CXCVII

There appeared unto him an angel from heaven, strengthening him. **Luke xxii. 43**

When my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane.

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—

There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree:
See his anguish, see his faith,—
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice;

And I praise with firmer faith
Christ who vanquished pain and death;
And to Christ enthroned above
Raise my song of selfless love.

Stanzas 1–5 by John Reynell Wreford, 1800–1881 (1837), as given in Samuel Longfellow's Hymns of the Spirit, 1864.

CXCVIII

With his stripes we are healed.
Isaiah liii. 5.

Let this cup pass from me.

A voice upon the midnight air,
  Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth in agony of prayer,
  'O Father, take this cup away!'

Ah, thou who sorrowest unto death,
  We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And Earth for all her children saith,
  'O God, take not this cup away!'

O Lord of sorrow, meekly die:
  Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe,
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
  Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls, arise:
  None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
  When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O King of earth, the cross ascend;
  O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne;
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
  The desert blooms, and is thine own.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
  Make but one fold below, above:
And when we go the last, lone way,
  O give the welcome of thy love!

James Martineau, 1805–1900 (1840).

CXCIX

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.
Isaiah liii. 11.

His are the thousand sparkling rills
  That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills:
  And yet he saith, 'I thirst.'

All fiery pangs on battlefields,
  On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry he yields
  To anguish on the cross.

But more than pains that racked him then
  Was the deep longing thirst divine
That thirsted for the souls of men:
  Dear Lord! and one was mine.

O Love most patient, give me grace,
  Make all my soul athirst for thee:
That dry parched lip, that fading face,
  That thirst, were all for me.

Cecil Frances Alexander (née Humphreys), 1823–1895.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.
John vii. 37.

CC

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.

Gal. vi. 14 [R.V. through which].

When I survey the wondrous cross
  On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
  And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
  Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
  I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
  Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
  Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
  Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748 (1707): one word is altered and one stanza omitted.

ET TENEO ET TENEOR

CCI

Trust ye in the Lord for ever: for in the Lord JEHOVAH is an everlasting rock [Mg. a rock of ages].
Isaiah. xxvi. 4.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

They drank of a spiritual rock that followed them: and the rock was Christ.

Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes are closed in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

'*A living and dying Prayer for the holiest Believer in the World*,' by *Augustus Montague Toplady*, *1740–1778 (1775): lines 11, 13, 16 varied by Thomas Cotterill, 14 by Canon Julian. Of the original lines 7, 8, 15–18 are omitted.*

TVRBABOR SED NON PERTVRBABOR QVIA VOLNERVM CHRISTI RECORDABOR.

St. Augustine.

CCII

The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.
Eph. iii. 19.

I bore with thee long weary days and nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three and thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above;
I not my flesh, I not my spirit spared:
Give thou me love for love.

For thee I thirsted in the daily drouth,
For thee I trembled in the nightly frost;
Much sweeter thou than honey to my mouth;
Why wilt thou still be lost?

I bore thee on my shoulders, and rejoiced:
Men only marked upon my shoulders borne
The branding cross; and shouted hungry-voiced,
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon my hands; thy name
Did thorns for frontlets stamp between mine eyes;
I, Holy One, put on thy grief and shame;
I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon my right hand and my left,—
Six hours alone, athirst, in misery,—
At length in death one smote my heart, and cleft
A hiding place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
More dear, whereon to stretch myself and sleep,
So did I win a kingdom,—share my crown!
A harvest,—come and reap!

Christina Georgina Rossetti, 1830–1894.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.
Ps. cxxx. 1.

He reigns above, he reigns alone;
Systems burn out and leave his throne.
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around him changeless amid all,—
Ancient of Days, whose days go on.

He reigns below, he reigns alone,
And, having life in love forgone
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the Jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with him, while days go on?

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear him charge his saints that none
Among his creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for thee
Whose days eternally go on.

For us,—whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest, what is done;
Grief may be joy misunderstood;
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won;
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here,
That heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise thee while my days go on.

I praise thee while my days go on;
I love thee while my days go on:
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost
I thank thee while my days go on.

And having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops his pebble small
Down some deep well, and hears it fall
Smiling—so I. THY DAYS GO ON.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1809–1861:
stanzas 17–24 of De Profundis.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself. John xii. 32.

Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth
Should touch the heart with softer power
For comfort, than an angel's mirth?
That to the cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn?

Yet so it is: for duly there
The bitter herbs of earth are set,
Till, tempered by the Saviour's prayer,
And with the Saviour's life-blood wet,
They turn to sweetness and drop holy balm,
Soft as imprisoned martyrs' deathbed calm.

All turn to sweet—but most of all
That bitterest to the lip of pride,
When hopes presumptuous fade and fall;
Or Friendship scorns us, duly tried,
Or Love, the flower that closes up for fear
When rude and selfish spirits breathe too near.

He is despised and rejected of men.

Then, like a long-forgotten strain,
Comes sweeping o'er the heart forlorn
What sunshine hours had taught in vain
Of Jesus suffering shame and scorn,
As in all lowly hearts he suffers still,
While we triumphant ride and have the world at will.

O shame beyond the bitterest thought
That evil spirit ever framed,
That sinners know what Jesus wrought,
Yet feel their haughty hearts untamed:
That souls in refuge, holding by the Cross,
Should wince and fret at this world's little loss.

Lord of my heart, by thy last cry,
Let not thy blood on earth be spent:
Lo, at thy feet I fainting lie,
Mine eyes upon thy wounds are bent,
Upon thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
Wait like the parched earth on April skies.

Wash me and dry these bitter tears,
O let my heart no further roam;
'Tis thine by vows and hopes and fears
Long since: O call thy wanderer home.
To that dear home, safe in thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide.

Stanzas from John Keble's poem for Good Friday.

CCIII

Stabat iuxta crucem mater eius.
John xix. 25 [Vulgate].

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius,
Cuius animam gementem,
Contristatam, et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

Et tuam ipsius animam pertransibit gladius.

At the Cross her station keeping
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Where he hung, the dying Lord;
For her soul, of joy bereavèd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Christi Matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

Who on Christ's dear mother gazing
Pierced with anguish so amazing,
Born of women, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

Eia! Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam:
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Jesu, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
That my heart, fresh ardour gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with thee acceptance find.

Three stanzas from the famous hymn sung by the Flagellants as they passed from town to town; ascribed to Pope Innocent III (d. 1216), and to Jacobus de Benedictis (Jacopone) d. 1306. The translation is that of Murray's Hymnal (1852) as altered in H. A. and M. (1875), and is based on that of Richard Mant, 1776–1848: the first two lines are by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878.

CCIV

There were standing by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene.
John xix. 25.

Foes were wrought to cruel madness;
Friends had fled in fear and sadness;
Mary stood the cross beside:

At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified:

But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story—
Mary stood the cross beside.

And when, under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified;

But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

William Johnson Fox, 1786–1864 (1841): line 1 originally began with the word 'Jews', and line 2 with 'Christians.'

Seen? and yet *hated thee?* They did not see,
They saw thee not, that saw and hated thee!
No, no; they saw thee not, O Life! O Love!
Who saw aught in thee that their hate could move.

Richard Crashaw, 1616–1650.

We needs must love the highest when we see it.

Tennyson.

CCV

Then were there two thieves crucified with him.
Matt. xxvii. 38 (A.V.)

Beneath thy cross I stand,
  Jesus, my Saviour, turn and look on me!
O who are these that, one on either hand,
    Are crucified with thee?

The one that turns away
  With sullen, scoffing lip,—and one whose eyes
Close o'er the words, 'Yet shalt thou be this day
    With me in Paradise.'

Here would I fain behold
  This twofold mystery! Love's battle won;
Its warfare ended, and its ransom told,
    Its conquest but begun!

I say not to thee now,
  'Come from the cross, and then I will believe;'
O lift me up to thee, and teach me how
    To love and how to grieve.

Stay on the cross, until
  Thou art of all confessed, of all adored;
Be there each lingering heart, each warring will,
    Made fast unto its Lord.

I tracked thy footsteps long,
  For where thou wert, there would thy servant be;
But now methought the silence, now the throng
    Would part me still from thee.

I sought thee mid the leaves,
  I find thee on the dry and blasted tree;
I saw thee not,—until I saw the thieves
    There crucified with thee.

Dora Greenwell, 1821–1882 (1869).

CCVI

Behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades. Rev. i. 18.

Jesus lives: no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives: by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives: henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass that gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives: for us he died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives: our hearts know well
Naught from us his love can sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives: to him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia!

Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, 1715–1769 (1757). Translated by Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1812–1897 (1841), in six stanzas of six lines. The original begins, 'Jesus lebt! mit ihm auch ich.' The above is the (greatly altered) version in common use. Line 8 varied.

Because I live, ye shall live also.

CCVII

And he saith unto them, Be not amazed: ye seek Jesus, the Nazarene, which hath been crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold, the place where they laid him! Mark xvi. 6.

'Christ the Lord is risen to-day,'
Sons of men, and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise!

Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save;
Where thy victory, O Grave?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven;
Praise to thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail! the Resurrection, Thou!

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788 (1739): stanzas 6–9 and 11 are omitted, lines 4, 10, 12 varied.

I am the Resurrection and the Life.

John xi. 25.

CCVIII

We are witnesses.

Acts ii. 32, v. 32, x. 39.

On the Cross we saw him dying,
Saw him mid the spices lying,
  Saw the nail-prints and the spear-wound
    As we laid him in the tomb.
And we wept, in anguish weary
Through the Sabbath dim and dreary,
  And our souls were heavy-laden
    With the horror and the gloom.

O the rush of joy returning!
O our hearts within us burning
  Very early in the morning
    At the rosy dawn of day!
Is it true, O starry Angel,
Herald of the great evangel?
  Mary—Peter—holy Women—
    Did ye see him, as ye say?

Yea, we saw him with us walking,
Heard him in the twilight talking,
  Saw him by the grassy margent
    Of the misty silver sea,—
Saw him—we, the loved Eleven,
Gathered in the solemn even,
  Saw him—the five hundred brethren—
    On the hill of Galilee:

Christ is risen! he is risen!
He hath left his rocky prison,
  And the white-robed angels glimmer
    Mid the cerements of his grave.
He hath smitten with his thunder
Every gate of brass asunder,
  He hath burst the iron fetters,
    Irresistible to save!

O the gladness and the glory
Of the blessed Easter story,
  O the quick electric thrilling
    Of the Pentecostal flame!
Death of death! of Life the Giver!
Reign, O Victor, King for ever!
  Lowly we thy sons adore thee;
    Glory, glory to thy name!

Frederic William Farrar, 1831–1903.

CCIX

Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.
John xx. 29.

We walk by faith not by sight.

We were not with the faithful few
  Who stood thy bitter cross around,
Nor heard thy prayer for those that slew,
  Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground;
We saw no spear-wound pierce thy side:
Yet we believe that thou hast died.

No angel's message met our ear
  On that first glorious Easter day,—
'The Lord is risen. He is not here:
  Come, see the place where Jesus lay!'
But we believe that thou didst quell
The banded powers of death and hell.

We saw thee not return on high;
  And now, our longing sight to bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
  Shines down upon our wilderness:
Yet we believe that thou art there,
And seek thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

Henry James Buckoll, 1803–1871 (1850): the first stanza, which begins 'We saw thee not when thou didst tread,' is here, with stanza 5, omitted. This hymn is one among many re-casts of a hymn by Anne Richter (née Rigby), d. 1857 (1834), beginning 'We have not seen thy footsteps tread.'

Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.
Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

CCX

And their eyes were opened, and they knew him.
Luke xxiv. 31.

'Twas at this hour upon the world's great day,
Two men of sorrow went upon their way;
Of bitter death they made their bitter moan,
And One drew nigh, and with them walked unknown.
So draw thou nigh to us, dear and dread Lord;
So to earth's mourners sacred hope afford;
If yet we know thee not, reveal our need,
Show us thyself, the dead Christ, risen indeed.

'Twas at this hour the sacred Wayfarer
With strange sweet yearning made their hearts to stir
Then when he would go on, as one constrained
By prayer, 'Abide with us,' returned, remained.
So, Lord, abide with us, day is far spent;
Be thou constrained to this thy dear intent;
Hast thou done all, and shall that all be vain?
Blest Wayfarer, reveal thyself again.

'Twas at this hour they won him to their board,
And suddenly, behold, it was the Lord!—
For he took bread, and blessed it,—and anon
He gave it to them.—And the Lord was gone.
So go not now! abide, and bless, and break,
Till all our bread is holy, for thy sake;
O Life, be Life indeed, true faith afford,
Let us cry, also, 'We have seen the Lord.'

Jean Ingelow, 1830–1897.

He has left behind
Powers that will work for him, air, earth, and skies.
There's not a breathing of the common mind
That will forget him. He has great allies;
His friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Wordsworth.

EASTER

Through shrouding drifts and frozen mould
  One firstling snowdrop cleaves the gloom;
And, straightway, spring-time we behold,
Green summer, autumn's heart of gold,
  And all the year in bloom.

Rose, Lily, Snowdrop of our faith,
  Christ lives, the firstfruits of the tomb;
And lo! from out the frosts of death
Heaven's summer broadens at a breath—
  Behold the grave in bloom!

Mary Rowles Jarvis.

Now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the first-fruits of them that are asleep. 1 Cor. xv. 20.

CCXI

I have the keys of death and of Hades.
Rev. i. 18.

'Welcome, happy morning,' age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
Lo, the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him their true Creator all his works adore.

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrow ended, hail his triumph now.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields, and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to thee.

Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil thy word;
'Tis thine own third morning; rise, O buried Lord!

Loose the hearts long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with thee.

Extracts from the 'Tempora florigero rutilant distincta sereno,' by Venantius Fortunatus, 530–609: freely paraphrased by John Ellerton, 1826–1893 (1868).

CCXII

Lift up your heads, because your redemption draweth nigh.
Luke xxi. 28.

Across the winter's gloom
  There falls a golden ray,
And from each wild flower's tomb
  The stone is rolled away.

Once more to life and love
  The buds and leaves of spring
Come forth, and hear above
  The birds like angels sing.

In every wood and field
  Behold the symbol shewn,
The mystery revealed,
  The majesty made known.

Christ, who was crucified,
  Is risen! Lo, the sign!
The earth at Eastertide
  Touched by his hand divine!

Frank Dempster Sherman, b. 1860.

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* * * *

Shuddering Doubt to Nature cries,—
  Nature, though she smiles, is dumb,—
How then can the dead arise?
  With what body do they come?

Lo, the unfolding mystery!—
  We shall bloom, some wondrous hour,
As the lily blooms, when she
  Dies a bulb, and lives a flower.

Lucy Larcom: the final stanzas from The Lily of the Resurrection.

CCXIII

God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.
Rev. vii. 17.

On eyes that watch through sorrow's night,
  On aching hearts and worn,
Rise thou with healing in thy light,
  O happy Easter morn!

The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,
  The tender grasses spring;
The woods put on their robes of praise,
  And flowers are blossoming.

O shine within the spirit's skies,
  Till, in thy kindling glow,
From out the buried memories
  Immortal hopes shall grow:

hey that sow tears shall ap in joy.

Till from the seed oft sown in grief,
  And wet with bitter tears,
Our faith shall bind the harvest sheaf
  Of the eternal years.

Frederic Lucian Hosmer, b. 1840 (1890).

Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed; he shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.—*Psalm cxxvi. 6.*

CCXIV

Arise, shine: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Isaiah lx. 1.

The long descent is o'er,
  The stair of light is won;
Earth sunward climbs once more,—
  We turn to thee, our Sun!

Earth's darkest day is o'er;
  Love conquers on thy cross,
And there and evermore
  Wins all by willing loss.

Light in thy light we see,
  Self's shadow falls behind;
Turning from all to thee,
  All, all, with thee we find.

The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life.

Slow, slow, the upward way
  Where step by step we press;
Yet longer grows each day,
  And every night is less;

Till Eve embraces Morn,
  Glowing from shore to shore,
And Day of Night is born,
  And night shall be no more.

Slow, slow, the upward way,
  Yet shall the heights be won;
For summer dawns—the day
  Earth turns towards the sun.

Elizabeth Rundle-Charles (née Rundle), 1828–1896: A hymn for St. Thomas's Day, Dec. 21, the shortest day of the year. Stanzas 2, 4, 5 are omitted.

CCXV

Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Phil. ii. 9—11.

In the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess him
King of glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom he came,
Faithfully he bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death he passed:

Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast;
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.

Name him, brothers, name him,
With love strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown him as your captain
In temptation's hour;
Let his will enfold you
In its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With his Father's glory,
With his angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon his brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

Caroline Maria Noel, 1817–1877, written for Ascension Day, 1870: stanzas 2 and 3 are omitted, and lines 12, 26, 27 (for metrical reasons) varied. The hymn sometimes, erroneously, begins 'At the name of Jesus.'

CCXVI

And upon his head are many diadems.

Rev. xix. 12.

Crown him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity!

Crown him the Son of God
Before the worlds began;
And ye who tread where he hath trod,
Crown him the Son of Man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for his own,
That all in him may rest.

Crown him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those he came to save.
His glories now we sing,
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

Crown him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown him the King, to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love;
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

Stanzas 1, 4 (lines 1, 5–8) by Matthew Bridges, 1800–1894 (1848): the rest by Godfrey Thring, 1823–1903, who altered the seventh line.

CCXVII

We have not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but one that hath been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Heb. iv. 15.

O God, O Kinsman, loved, but not enough,
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath;

By that one likeness which is ours and thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, thou dost shine
To draw us sinners in;

By thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray thee visit me.

Come, lest this heart, grown cold and cast away,
Die, ere the guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw thine earthly day
Should miss thy heavenly reign.

Jean Ingelow, 1830–1897: line 13 varied. The first stanza, here omitted, begins—

And didst thou love the race that loved not thee?
And didst thou take to heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea?
Art thou his kinsman now?

√ For the dear Christ dwells not afar,
The King of some remoter star,
Listening at times with flattered ear
To homage wrung from selfish fear:
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, he lives to-day.

Whittier.

CCXVIII

God, being rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he love us, even when we were dead through our trespasses, quickened us together with Christ (by grace have ye been saved), and raised us up with him, and made us to sit with him in the heavenly places, in Christ Jesus. Eph. ii. 4–6.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where spotless saints thy name adore,
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with thee where thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from thy presence and thy love.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789–1871 (1839). This is her own slightly modified text of 1842: line 15 as in the Book of Praise.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—*Rom. viii. 38, 39.*

CCXIX

If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God.
Colos. iii. 1.

Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that like as we do believe thy only-begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ to have ascended into the heavens; so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with him continually dwell.

He is gone—beyond the skies
Clouds receive him from our eyes;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight;
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn:
Olivet no more may greet
With welcome shout his coming feet;
Yet his work is still to do,
We can still his path pursue,
Seek him both in friend and foe,
In our lives his image show.

He is gone—towards their goal
World and Church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past;
Forward are our glances cast:
Still his words before us range
Through the ages, as they change:
And where'er the Truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth he went and came.
In the many mansions there
Place for us he will prepare;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, 1815–1881 (1862). The original has 7 stanzas: lines 2, 11, 13, 16, 23, 32 varied.

CCXX

But the Comforter, even the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all that I said unto you. John xiv. 26.

Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see:
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place
And worthier thee.

Harriet Auber, 1773–1862 (1829): stanzas 2 and 3 omitted.

One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world has never lost.

Emerson.

CCXXI

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, And thy right hand shall hold me.
Ps. cxxxix. 7-10.

Father of all—we urge man's only plea,—
Thou lovest all: thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to thee.

All souls are thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that Presence which is everywhere;
Nor hell itself can hide, for thou art there.

Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Thro' doubt and pain, thro' guilt and shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on thy creature still.

Wilt thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal,
In the long years life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893; stanzas 12–15 from 'The Cry of a Lost Soul': line 1 varied.

O yet we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
  That not one life shall be destroyed,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire
  Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

. . . .

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
  And gather dust and chaff, and call
  To what I feel is Lord of all, [i.e. Love]
And faintly trust the larger hope.

Tennyson.

CCXXII

While he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion. **Luke xv. 20.**

O Love divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee!

The unseen Power, whose eye For ever doth accompany mankind, Hath looked on no religion scornfully That men did ever find.

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou knowst:
Wide as our need, thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, over all.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893: stanzas 18, 19, 20 from 'The Shadow and the Light': for lines 4, 8, 12 see appendix.

Shine on us with the light which glowed
Upon the trance-bound shepherd's way,
Who saw the Darkness overflowed
And drowned by tides of everlasting Day.

Whittier, ib.

And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death: but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness: and in that I saw the infinite Love of God.

George Fox's Journal.

CCXXIII

Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.
Luke ix. 55 [mg.].

Our Father! while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With faith's undying flame.

We have not so learned Christ.

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls thy face shall see;
The star of love must light the path
That leads to heaven and thee.

Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds his sacred image still,
And see him once again,—

Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.

The brother Man, the pitying Friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew:
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894).

In every age the hallowed light
Of revelation guides the night,
Our creeds like meteors rise and fall,
Faith, Hope, and Love survive them all.

Thomas Lake Harris.

CCXXIV

Neither for these only do I pray, but for them also that believe on me through their word. John xvii. 20.

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
  Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
  Into the glory of the perfect day,
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
  The brothers of thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
  Into our hearts, that we may be as one,
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
  One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
  One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes thy children free,
To follow truth and thus to follow thee.

John White Chadwick, 1840–1904. A hymn written for the Graduates' Class of the Divinity School, Cambridge, U.S.A., 1864.

CCXXV

Create in me a clean heart, O God.

Psalm li. 10.

Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui Paraclitus diceris,
Donum Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio:

Tu septiformis munere,
Dextrae Dei tu digitus,
Tu rite promisso Patris
Sermone ditas guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
Nobisque mittat Filius
Charisma Sancti Spiritus.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every *waiting* mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated *heat*,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy:
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth com-
Refine and purge our earthly parts, [mand,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.

Create all new; our wills control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow:
And lest *again we go* astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

Ascribed to Pope Gregory the Great (550–604), to Rhabanus Maurus, Abp. of Mainz (776–856), to Charlemagne (768–814), and to St. Ambrose (340–397). Translated by John Dryden, 1631–1701 (1693), into 7 stanzas of varying lengths. The above is John Wesley's adaptation: he omits 9 lines and his alterations are shewn in italics except in lines 20, 22, where the original is kept. In lines 11, 12 promissum . . . ditans is an attested reading and in line 16 perpetim. The Latin Doxology is one of many added in later times.

CCXXVI

The Spirit of truth, . . . the Comforter, even the Holy Spirit.
John xiv. 17, 26.

Veni, sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte caelitus
Lucis tuae radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium;

Holy Spirit, Lord of Light,
From thy clear celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give:
Come, thou Father of the poor;
Come, with treasures which endure:
Come, heart's light of all that live!

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium,
In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;
Thou in toil art respite sweet,
Coolness in the wearying heat,
Solace mid the tears of woe.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.
Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Light most blessed, Light Divine,
Visit thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill:
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium,
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
On our dryness pour thy dew:
Wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will:
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
Guide the steps that go astray.

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium;
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

On thine own who evermore
Trust in thee, and thee adore,
In thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them comfort when they die:
Give them life with thee on high;
Give them joys which never end.

Commonly called 'The golden Sequence,' and variously attributed to Robert II. of France (king 996–1031), Stephen Langton (abp. of Canterbury 1207–1228), and Hermannus Contractus (1013–1034); but, with more probability, to Innocent III. (pope 1198–1216). Translated by Edward Caswall, 1814–1878; varied in lines 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 25, 26.

CCXXVII

God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in his Son [Gr. a Son]. **Heb. i. 1, 2.**

We read how God of old would speak
To holy men in divers ways:
But hath this age no God to seek?
Is he quite silent in our days?

The word were but a hollow sound,
If he that spake it speaks not still,
If all the light and shade around
Were not the utterance of his will.

Nay! every bird that blithely sings,
Each flower that stars the fresh green sod,
All thoughts that this bright season brings
To the pure heart are words of God.

Hartley Coleridge, 1796–1849 (1851); much varied. Three stanzas out of five.

The Lord is in his holy place in all things near and far,
Shekinah of the snowflake, he, and glory of the star,
And secret of the April land that stirs the field to flowers.
Whose little tabernacles rise to hold him through the hours.

He hides himself within the love of those whom we love best:
The smiles and tones that make our homes are shrines by him possest;
He tents within the lonely heart, and shepherds every thought;
We find him not by seeking long,—we lose him not, unsought.

Our heart may build its holy place, our feet on Sinai stand,
But Holiest of Holies knows no tread, no touch of hand:
The listening soul makes Sinai still wherever we may be.
And in the vow, Thy will be done! lies all Gethsemane.

William Channing Gannett.

CCXXVIII

He charged us before God and his blessed angels, if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of his, to be as ready to receive it as any truth of his ministry; for he was very confident the Lord had more light and truth yet, to break forth out of his holy Word.—*Narrative of Pastor John Robinson's Address to the Pilgrim Fathers, July 21, 1620, before they left Delft Harbour in the Speedwell (60 tons) for Southampton, where the Mayflower (180 tons) from London awaited them. The text was Ezra viii. 21, q.v.*

We limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined.

Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way:
Theirs but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.

O Father of our spirits, send
Thy increase from above;
Enlarge, renew all Christian souls
To comprehend thy love:

To hear thy voice, to learn thy will
Be nobler powers conferred;
For thou hast yet more light and truth
To break forth from thy word.

George Rawson, 1807–1889; the original hymn has 40 lines: six of the above are varied.

O Beauty old yet ever new!
Eternal Voice, and inward Word,
The Logos of the Greek and Jew,
The old sphere-music which the Samian heard.

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The Law of Love beyond all law,
The Life o'erflooding mortal death and sin.

Whittier. The Shadow and the Light: stanzas 21, 22; cp. p. 257.

CCXXIX

And the spirit of God is in my nostrils.
Job xxvii. 3.

Thou Life within my life, than self more near,
Thou veilèd Presence infinitely clear,
From all illusive shows of sense I flee,
To find my centre and my rest in thee.

Below all depths thy saving mercy lies,
Through thickest glooms I see thy light arise,
Above the highest heaven thou art not found
More surely than within this earthly round.

Take part with me against those doubts that rise
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies!
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares!

How shall I call thee who art always here?
How shall I praise thee who art still most dear?
What may I give thee save what thou hast given?
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven?

Eliza Scudder, b. 1821. The four stanzas given above are prefaced, in the original, by the following:—

From past regret and present faithlessness,
From the deep shadow of foreseen distress,
And from the nameless weariness that grows
As life's long day seems wearing to its close:—

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet:
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

Tennyson.

PROPE EST A TE DEVS TECVM EST INTVS EST.

CCXXX

Θεὸς γάρ ἐστιν ὁ ἐνεργῶν ἐν ὑμῖν καὶ τὸ θέλειν καὶ τὸ ἐνεργεῖν ὑπὲρ τῆς εὐδοκίας.

Phil. ii. 13.

O King of kings, before whose throne — **ΕΞ ΑΥΤΟΥ**
The angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to thee:
Yet this our souls through grace impart,
The offering of a thankful heart.

O Jesu, set at God's right hand, — **ΔΙ' ΑΥΤΟΥ**
With thine Eternal Father plead
For all thy loyal-hearted band,
Who still on earth thy succour need:
For them in weakness strength provide,
And through the world their footsteps guide.

O holy Spirit, fount of breath, — **ΕΙΣ ΑΥΤΟΝ**
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
And grant that we through all our days
May share thy gifts and sing thy praise.

John Quarles, 1624–1665: as adapted by Thomas Darling, 1816–1893.

Will I eat the flesh of bulls,
Or drink the blood of goats?
Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving.

Ps. l. 13, 14.

CCXXXI

In him we live, and move, and have our being.
Acts xvii. 28.

ΤΟΥ ΓΑΡ
ΚΑΙ ΓΕΝΟΣ
ΕΣΜΕΝ

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
  The mists of earth away:
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
  How wide and far we stray.

Hush every lip, close every book,
  The strife of tongues forbear;
Why forward reach, or backward look,
  For love that clasps like air?

The letter fails, and systems fall,
  And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit overbrooding all
  Eternal Love remains.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
  Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence,
  His witness is within.

John Greenleaf Whittier, from 'Our Master': stanzas 3, 4, 9, 11. *See pp. 4–7, supra.*

. . . . many a time they come, . . .
. . . moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to himself,
Nor the high God a vision, nor that One
Who rose again.

Tennyson.

CCXXXII

The wind bloweth [*or* the Spirit breatheth] where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit. **John iii. 8.**

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

Edwin Hatch, 1835-1889.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God.
Wisdom iii. 1.

Let us now praise famous men,
And our fathers that begat us.
The Lord manifested in them great glory,
Even his mighty power from the beginning.
Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms,
And were men renowned for their power,
Giving counsel by their understanding,
Such as have brought tidings in prophecies:
Leaders of the people by their counsels,
And by their understanding men of learning for the people;
Wise were their words in their instruction:
Such as sought out musical tunes,
And set forth verses in writing:
Rich men furnished with ability,
Living peaceably in their habitations:
All these were honoured in their generations,
And were a glory in their days!
There be of them, that have left a name behind them,
To declare their praises.
And some there be, which have no memorial;
Who are perished as though they had not been.
And are become as though they had not been born;
And their children after them.
But these were men of mercy,
Whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten.
With their seed shall remain continually a good inheritance:
Their children are within the covenants.
Their seed standeth fast,
And their children for their sakes.
Their seed shall remain for ever,
And their glory shall not be blotted out.
Their bodies were buried in peace,
And their name liveth to all generations.
Peoples will declare their wisdom,
And the congregation telleth out their praise.

Ecclus. xliv. 1–15.

There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.

1 Cor. xii. 4.

Great souls through whom alone
God stooping shews sufficient of his light
For us in the dark to rise by.

CCXXXIII

Γινώσκω τὰ ἐμά.

John x. 14.

One feast, of all, the crown and crest,
Let all, as brethren, gladly keep,
All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep;
The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
An aureole traced in tenderest light,
The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
In dying eyes, by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of the further shore.

James Russell Lowell, 1819–1893: lines 1 and 2 varied.

The saints of many a warring creed
Ere now in heaven have learned
That all paths to the Father lead
Where self the feet have spurned.

Lowell.

The sun, the moon, the stars
Send no such light upon the ways of men
As one great deed.

Tennyson.

O may I join the Choir Invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

'*George Eliot.*'

There is
One great society alone on earth,—
The noble Living and the noble Dead.

Wordsworth.

No sound is breathed so potent to coerce,
And to conciliate, as their names who dare
For that sweet mother land which gave them birth
Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names,
Graven on memorial columns, are a song
Heard in the future; few, but more than wall
And rampart, their examples reach a hand
Far through all years, and everywhere they meet
And kindle generous purpose, and the strength
To mould it into action pure as theirs.

Tennyson.

CCXXXIV

Many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.
Matt. viii. 11.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on furthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul, her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift
Make all her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

He that hath creeds and no faith is further from righteousness than he that hath love and no creeds.

Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892: line 16 varied.

These with an innumerable multitude whom no man can number, out of every kingdom, and tongue, and people, with Rahab and the Syro-Phoenician woman, have entered into the Church which has passed through the centuries, absorbing silently into itself all that the world ever had of great, and good, and noble. They were those who fought the battle of good against evil in their day, penetrated into the invisible from the thick shadows of darkness which environed them, and saw the open Vision which is manifested to all, in every nation, who fear God and work righteousness—to all, in other words, who live devoutly towards God, and by love towards man. And they shall hereafter 'walk in white, for they are worthy.'

F. W. Robertson.

CCXXXV

If we endure, we shall also reign with him.
2 Tim. ii. 12.

ὁ ὑπομείνας εἰς τέλος, οὗτος σωθήσεται.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Reginald Heber, 1783–1826 (1827).

CCXXXVI

Are ye able to drink the cup that I drink? or to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? And they said unto him, We are able. **Mark x. 38, 39.**

Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
When love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,

Greater love hath no man than this.

We see the same white wings outspread
That hovered o'er the Master's head;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, Love is one.

Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

And the great marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth,—
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of God's unmeasured loving heart.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893.

AN EPITAPH IN THE CATACOMBS

I was born sickly, poor, and mean,
A slave: no misery could screen
The holders of the pearl of price
From Caesar's envy; therefore twice
I fought with beasts, and three times saw
My children suffer by his law;
At last my own release was earned;
I was some time in being burned:
But at the close a hand came through
The fire above my head, and drew
My soul to Christ, whom now I see.
Sergius, a brother, writes for me
This testimony on the wall—
For me, I have forgot it all.

From Robert Browning's Christmas Eve and Easter Day.

CCXXXVII

Shouldest not thou also have had mercy on thy fellow-servant, even as I had mercy on thee? Matt. xviii. 33.

Let us make man in our image.

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God, our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form
In every age and race;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
God hath his dwelling-place.

William Blake, 1757–1827: lines 18, 20 varied.

In vain the name of Christ we bear,
Unless the heart of Christ we share;
Through faith and charity alone
Is Christ received, and felt, and shown.

Thomas Lake Harris.

The young and weak but need your love the more;
And he who needeth love to love hath right.

Lowell, varied.

CCXXXVIII

The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.
Eph. iii. 19.

Love Divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

We love, because he first loved us.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

John (or Charles) Wesley (1747): line 1 varied; stanza 2 is omitted.

CCXXXIX

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.
Gen. i. 3.

Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

Blessed, and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

John Marriott, 1780–1825 (written c. 1813 and published anonymously as a Missionary Hymn in the Friendly Visitor, 1825): lines 5, 22 varied. Line 22, of which the above is the accepted variant, seems originally to have run 'Blessed, and Holy, and.'

CCXL

For the word of God is living, and active, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow, and quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart. Heb. iv. 12.

Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
  Strange Friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
  Within our hearts to find;

How late thy bright and awful brow
  Breaks through these clouds of sin!
Hail, Truth divine! we know thee now;
  Angel of God, come in!

Come, though with purifying fire
  And swift-dividing sword,
Thou, of all nations the Desire,—
  Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance
  Let old oppressions die;
Before thy cloudless countenance
  Let fear and falsehood fly.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace
  To see, as ne'er before,
Our Father, in our brother's face,
  Our Master, in his poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day,
  Convince, subdue, enthrall;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
  And Love be all in all.

And when all things have been subjected unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subjected to him that did subject all things unto him, that God may be all in all.

Eliza Scudder, 1821–1896 (1864 or 1880): line 10, varied by Stopford Brooke, was originally 'desolating.'

CCXLI

He gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases. And he sent them forth to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick. Luke ix. 1, 2.

O Church of God, arise,
And take thy lamp of love,
The light that never dies
On earth, in heaven above!

With wisdom and with truth
Keep quick and straight the flame,
The light of love and youth,
To save a world of shame.

Rebuke the devil's mart,
The souls in prison release,
Bind up the broken heart,
Give joy and mirth and peace!

Whatever things are fair,
Whatever things are just,
Go, make them free as air,
And plenteous as the dust!

In every darkest place
Let radiant warmth be shed,
Till in each dreary face
The joy of God is read.

Tell every man on earth,
The greatest and the least,
Love called him from his birth
To be a king and priest.

Annie Matheson: stanzas 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8 from Dawn in 'Love's Music,' 1894.

Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

Rev. i. 5, 6 (A.V.)

CCXLII

'O children of a teeming race,
'My realms have many an affluent place
'Unpeopled: overthronged is home:
'Your limbs, your hearts are strong to roam;
'Go, till the prairie, build the town,
'Bring the tall forest crashing down,
'And over ampler spaces spread
'This fair flag gleaming overhead.'

Ah, brothers! ours the sin and shame,
Who send you heedless of His Name,
With England's banner o'er you spread,
But no cross gleaming overhead,
No bell to stir the lonesome air,
No voices blent in praise and prayer,
Where the monotonous days forget
All His compassion, all our debt.

For England's empire, well content,
Red gold and dearest blood we spent:
O Master of all souls, for thee
What tribute yields our fealty?
How shall we lift our eyes of shame,
If from our brethren's heart thy Name
Fades, and thy love fades, and thy sway
Fades, in our own realms far away?

George Alexander Chadwick, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, b. 1840: stanzas 1, 5, 6.

Because I seek thee not, O seek thou me!
  Because my lips are dumb, O hear the cry
  I do not utter as thou passest by,
And from my life-long bondage set me free!
Because content I perish, far from thee,
  O seize me, snatch me from my fate, and try
  My soul in thy consuming fire! Draw nigh
And let me, blinded, thy salvation see.
If I were pouring at thy feet my tears,
  If I were clamouring to see thy face,
    I should not need thee, Lord, as now I need,
Whose dumb, dead soul knows neither hopes nor fears,
  Nor dreads the outer darkness of this place—
    Because I seek not, pray not, give thou heed!

Louise Chandler Moulton.

CCXLIII

He put all things in subjection under his feet.
1 Cor. xv. 27.

O North, with all thy vales of green,
  O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled towns and fields between
  Uplift the voice of psalms:
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Henceforth ye shall see the Son of man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven.

Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears
  God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years,
  His kingdom is begun;
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father, haste the promised hour,
  When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
  Beneath the ample sky,
And he shall reign from pole to pole
The Lord of every human soul;

When all shall heed the words he said,
  Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led
  Shall strive to pattern theirs,
And he, who conquered Death, shall win
The mightier conquest over Sin.

William Cullen Bryant, 1794–1878.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice.—*John x. 16.*

I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto myself.
John xii. 32.

CCXLIV

Let the hills sing for joy together; Before the Lord, for he cometh to judge the earth: He shall judge the world with righteousness, And the peoples with equity.

Psalm xcviii. 8, 9.

Hills of the North, rejoice,
River and mountain-spring,
Hark to the advent voice,
Valley and lowland, sing:
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh;
Judgment he brings and victory.

Isles of the Southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves;
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And make your wastes his great highway.

Lands of the East, awake;
Soon shall your sons be free;
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty:
On your far hills, long cold and gray,
Has dawned the everlasting day.

Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song;
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns—the Crucified!

Shout while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth;
Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South:
City of God, the bond are free:
We come to live and reign in thee.

Charles Edward Oakley, 1832–1865 (1870).

CCXLV

Come over into Macedonia, and help us.
Acts xvi. 9.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1783–1826: the second stanza is omitted.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.—*Isaiah xi. 9.*

CCXLVI

Then shalt thou send abroad the loud trumpet on the tenth day of the seventh month; in the day of atonement shall ye send abroad the trumpet throughout all your land. Lev. xxv. 9.

O brothers, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise,
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise.
Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
The Gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.

O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close:
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes.
Faith is our battle-token;
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken,
Our captives, ransomed souls.

Not unto us,—Lord Jesus,
To thee all praise be due;
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Hath freed our brethren too.
Not unto us,—in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before thee
Exultingly again.

Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore:
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be thine for evermore.
Still on in conflict pressing,
On thee thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

Edward Henry Bickersteth, b. 1825: written for the Jubilee of the Church Missionary Society (1848). Lines 20 and 25 differ from the 1890 edition of the Hymnal Companion.

CCXLVII

Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a javelin: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied.

1 Sam. xvii. 45.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can;
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son?
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen:
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Not,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.
Der alt' böse Feind
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint,
Gross' Macht und viel List
Sein' grausam Rüstung ist:
Auf Erd' ist nicht sein's gleichen.

Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts gethan,
Wir sind gar bald verloren:
Es streit't für uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.
Fragst du, wer der ist?
Er heiszt Jesus Christ,
Der Herr Zebaoth,
Und ist kein andrer Gott,
Das Feld' musz er behalten.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär',
Und wollt' uns gar verschlingen,
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
Es soll uns doch gelingen.
Der Fürst dieser Welt.
Wie sau'r er sich stellt.
Thut er uns doch nicht.
Das macht, er ist gericht't,
Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn
Und kein'n Dank dazu haben.
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan
Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.
Nehmen sie den Leib,
Gut, Ehr', Kind, und Weib,
Lass fahren dahin,
Sie haben's kein'n Gewinn,
Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben.

Martin Luther's hymn of defiance, 1529–1531: translated for the first time into English by Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881) in 1831.

CCXLVIII

We have not here an abiding city, but we seek after the city which is to come. Heb. xiii. 14.

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One voice to raise one triumph-song,
One King omnipotent.

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

Samuel Johnson, 1822–1882 (1864): line 7 originally was 'One working hand, one harvest song.'

For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever.

Tennyson.

'Dear City of Cecrops!' saith the poet: and wilt not thou say 'Dear City of God?'

Marcus Aurelius.

CCXLIX

Thus saith the Lord: I am returned unto Zion, and will dwell in the midst of Jerusalem: and Jerusalem shall be called The city of truth; . . . There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, every man with his staff in his hand for very age. And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof. Zech. viii. 3, 4, 5.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold, nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Hierusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Continued on the next page.

And he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof. And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding its fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. Rev. xxii. 1, 2.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

There David stands with harp in hand,
As master of the quire;
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might his music hear.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
With tones surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.

There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

First printed (26×4) in 1601 and ascribed in a British Museum MS. to F.B.P. Line 27, in the MS., 'grows.'

CCL

The kingdom of God is within you. Luke xvii. 21.

Ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐντὸς ὑμῶν ἐστί.

O thou not made with hands,
  Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
  Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
  Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
  Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
  In humbleness melts down;
Where self all self yields up;
  Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
  With cheerful feet we go;
When in his steps we tread
  Who trod the way of woe;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
  Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
  In his name gathered are,
Lo, in the midst of them,—
God's own Jerusalem!

Francis Turner Palgrave, 1824–1897 (1867): lines 15, 29 varied.

I saw the spiritual city and all her spires
And gateways in a glory like one pearl.

Tennyson, The Holy Grail.

CCLI

Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself. **Isaiah lx. 20.**

Every morning the red sun
Riseth warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark cold night:
There's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder shorter days
They forget their song:
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow him:
But we cannot see him here,
For our eyes are dim:
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see his face.

Who shall go to that bright land?
All who do the right:
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white:
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1823–1895 (1848).

CCLII

And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto mount Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord shewed him all the land. Deut. xxxiv. 1.

They shall behold the land that is very far off.

There is a land of pure delight
  Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
  And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
  And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
  This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
  Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
  While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
  To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
  And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
  Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
  With unbeclouded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
  And view the landscape o'er,
Nor Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
  Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748 (1709).

God is in heaven, and thou upon earth:
therefore let thy words be few.
Eccles. v. 2.

Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name, yet our soundest knowledge is to know that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him; and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, whereby we confess without confession that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness beyond our capacity and reach. He is above, and we upon earth; therefore it behoveth our words to be wary, and few.

Hooker, Ecclesiastical Polity; Bk. I. ch. 1.

But now that ye have come to know God, or rather to be known of God. . . . Gal. iv. 9.

CCLIII

Te Deum laudamus; te Dominum confitemur. [lit. as God]
We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

Te aeternum Patrem omnis terra veneratur.
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

Tibi omnes Angeli, tibi caeli, et universae potestates,
To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens, and all the powers therein.

Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim incessabili voce proclamant,
To thee Cherubin and Seraphin continually do cry,

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Pleni sunt caeli et terra maiestatis gloriae tuae.
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus,
The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.

Te Prophetarum laudabilis numerus,
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.

Te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus. [lit. white-robed]
The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.

Te per orbem terrarum sancta confitetur Ecclesia
The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,

Patrem immensae maiestatis;
The Father of an infinite majesty;

Venerandum tuum verum unicum Filium;
Thine honourable, true, and only Son;

Sanctum quoque Paraclitum Spiritum.
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Tu Rex gloriae, Christe.
Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.

Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

Tu ad liberandum mundum suscepisti hominem: non horruisti Virginis uterum. [lit. To deliver the world thou tookest on thee the nature of man]
When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo aperuisti credentibus regna caelorum.
When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes in gloria Patris.
Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

Iudex crederis esse venturus.
We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge.

Te ergo quaesumus, tuis famulis subveni quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.
We therefore pray thee help thy servants whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Aeterna fac cum sanctis tuis gloria munerari. [lit. rewarded]
Make them to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting.

Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine; et benedic hereditati tuae.
O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage.

Et rege eos et extolle illos, usque in aeternum.	Govern them, and lift them up for ever.
Per singulos dies benedicimus te;	Day by day we magnify thee;
Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum et in saeculum saeculi.	And we worship thy Name ever world without end.
Dignare, Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire.	Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.
Miserere nostri, Domine; miserere nostri.	O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.
Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos; quemadmodum speravimus in te.	O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in thee.
In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in aeternum. [lit. I shall not]	O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

Translated from a Latin Version of about 400 to 450 A.D.

Deum, Deum te laudamus
Dominumque appellamus;
Omnes te terrarum gentes
Clamant, Patrem confitentes
Sempiterni Numinis.
Te Potentiae caelorum,
Mille coetus Angelorum,
Una voluntate moti,
Dominum te Sabaoti
Sanctum, sanctum clamitant.
Omnem tu adimples mundum;
Caelum tellus et profundum
Tua maiestate plena;
Omnium te cantilena
Celebrat viventium;
Agmen te Apostolorum,
Cohors Martyrum victorum,
Nobilisque chorus Vatum
Et per orbem terrae latum
Pia vox Ecclesiae,
Patrem confitentes rite
Maiestatis infinitae,
Verum illum unicumque
Tui Natum, Spiritumque
Paracletum nominant.
Christe, rex es gloriarum,
Patris lumen semper carum;
Hominem cum statuisti
Conservare, non sprevisti
Sinum purae Virginis.
Dura mortis cum vicisti,
Caelum tu aperuisti,
Omnium piorum spei;
Dextra sedes ipse Dei
In paterna gloria.
Credimus te mox venturum
Nostrum iudicem futurum:
Opem ergo te rogamus,
Tuo qui redempti stamus
Pretioso sanguine.
Fac beatis adscribamur,
Sede sancta potiamur:
Tolle, Deus, et guberna,
In salute sempiterna
Tuum tene populum.
In dies te honoramus,
Sine fine laudem damus:
Hodie nos tueare
Et prohibeas peccare:
Miserescas, Domine.
Fulgeat pro spe fideli
Nobis lux benigna caeli:
Tibi fisus sum, O Deus;
Sis tu liberator meus;
Noli me confundere.

Translated from the English into Latin verse by Charles Rann Kennedy, 1808–1857.

CCLIV

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

Isaiah xxxv. 5—6.

More dear to thee than prayer and praise Are loyal hearts and patient days.

Lord, though thy church in this dark world
Do but begin and learn thy praise,
Accept both it and us through Christ,
Till it and us thy glory raise.

Here trembling sin resists thy grace;
Of joy and sorrow we partake:
Our broken hearts and broken peace
Can none but broken music make.

Thy ways to us seem often dark,
Thou crossest human wit and will:
We murmur; but thou dost thy work;
That's wise and good, which we thought ill.

Richard Baxter, 1615–1691.

What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt understand hereafter.—*John xiii. 7.*

CCLV

Bless the Lord, all ye his works, in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul. Psalm ciii. 22.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

The church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

George Herbert, 1593–1632.

One Deceiver haunts
The hearts of faithless men; his name is FEAR.

. . . . .

Slay me this demon, yellow Fear, that maims
The arm of enterprise, nips the bud of hope,
And freezes the great ocean of our life,
That should run riot in the praise of Thee
With wave on wave of proud high-venturing deeds.

John Stuart Blackie.

CCLVI

In everything give thanks.
1 Thess. v. 18.

Mid Summer bloom or Autumn blight,
  Spring's hopes or Winter's darkening days,
In health or sickness, Lord of light
  And Lord of darkness, hear our praise.

We trace to thee our joys and woes,
  To thee, of causes still the Cause;
We thank thee that thy hand bestows,
  We bless thee when thy love withdraws.

So in glad noon or orphaned night
  We raise to thee our grateful voice;
For what thou doest, Lord, is right,
  And thus believing we rejoice.

Josiah Gilbert Holland, 1819–1881 (1858).
Lines 1, 2, 3, 8 varied: stanza 3 omitted.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.—*Job i. 21.*

CCLVII

In the beginning GOD created the heaven and the earth.
Genesis i. 1.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.

We sing of GOD, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world,—the clustering spheres, He made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where Secrecy remains in bliss,
And Wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them, 'I AM,' Jehovah said
To Moses: while Earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All Nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, 'O LORD, THOU ART.'

Christopher Smart, 1722–1770 (1763): stanzas 1, 3, 2 from the abridged version of his Song to David printed in F. T. Palgrave's Treasury of Sacred Song. The first line of the original begins 'He sang of God.'

High-throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet thou deignst to come to me
And guide my steps, that I with thee
Enthroned may reign in endless bliss.

Wesley.

CCLVIII

Sing, O ye heavens, . . . Shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains. **Is. xliv. 23.**

Come, O come in pious lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring in one concent
Heart, and voice, and instrument:
Strike the viol, touch the lute,
Let nor tongue nor string be mute,
  Nor a creature dumb be found,
  That hath either voice or sound.

Let those things which do not live
In still music praises give;
The beasts of the field shall honour me.
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts, and monsters of the main;
Birds, your warbling treble sing,
Clouds, your peal of thunder ring;
  Sun and Moon, exalted higher,
  And bright stars, augment the quire.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take a place;
And amid the mortal throng
Be you masters of the song.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
  That our song of praise may be
  Everlasting, as is he.

So this huge wide orb we see,
Shall one quire, one temple be,
Where, in such a praiseful tone,
We will sing what he hath done,
That our song shall overclimb
All the bounds of place and time:
  Come then, come, in pious lays
  Sound we God Almighty's praise.

George Wither, 1588–1667: from 'Halleluiah' (1641) p. 3. The original has 5 ten-lined stanzas. Lines 16, 25, 29 slightly varied.

CCLIX

O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness. Ps. cvii. 8, 15, 21, 31.

All lands and peoples, all the earth,
  Put off the night of sadness;
Make cheer and music and high mirth,
  And praise the Lord with gladness!
    Serve him with joyful heart,
    All kingdoms do their part,
    And let immortal song
    Before his presence throng
      For ever and for ever!

Sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

O surely he is God alone,
  The earth is mute before him:
And he is ours, and we his own,
  His people who adore him,
    We are his flock, our feet
    Walk in his pastures sweet;
    And, by cool brooks, the sleep
    Is soft he gives his sheep
      For ever and for ever!

O enter then his temple courts
  With trumpet-tongued thanksgiving:
Praise him in dances and in sports,
  Our Lord, the ever-living!
    With incense to the skies
    Our thankfulness arise;
    His glory wide proclaim,
    Speak good of his great name
      For ever and for ever!

For gracious is the Lord our God,
  He hears our dull complaining;
His mercy has a sure abode
  And everlasting reigning;
    And times and times roll by,
    And nations fade and die,
    But God's majestic Truth
    Leads on our eager youth
      For ever and for ever.

Stopford Augustus Brooke, b. 1832: line 35 varied.

CCLX

Bless the Lord, all ye his works, in all places of his dominion.

The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia!
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing, Alleluia!
And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia!
They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessèd ones, repeat through that bright home, Alleluia!
The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say, Alleluia!
Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!
Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow;
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing, Alleluia!
First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say, Alleluia!
Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again, Alleluia!
Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous, Alleluia!
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus, Alleluia!
Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry, Alleluia!
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply, Alleluia!
To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid, Alleluia!
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
Almighty loves: Alleluia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
himself approves: Alleluia!
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking, Alleluia!
And children's voices echo, answer making, Alleluia!
Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

John Mason Neale, 1818-1866 (1854). Translated from Cantemus cuncti melodum nunc, Alleluia, a sequence by Notker Balbulus, 840-912.

CCLXI

Angels holy, high and lowly, *It is good to sing praises.*
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
Sun and moon bright, night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
Ocean hoary, tell his glory;
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared,
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
Rock and highland, wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
Rolling river, praise him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
*Bond and free man, land and sea man,
Earth with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
Praise him ever, bounteous Giver!
Praise him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

*[But we ought not to recognise 'bond men' now.]

John Stuart Blackie, 1809–1895 (1845). From the Benedicite.

CCLXII

Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised.
Psalm cxlv. 3.

Let the whole creation cry,
'Glory to the Lord on high!'
Heaven and earth, awake and sing,
'God is Love, and Love is King.'

Praise him, all ye hosts above,
Ever bright and fair in love!
Sun and moon, uplift your voice,
Night and stars, in God rejoice.

Chant his honour, ocean fair!
Earth swift speeding through the air,
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
Rain and snow, his praise perform.

All the elemental powers,
Forests, plains, and secret bowers,
Vales and mountains, burst in song;
Rivers, roll his praise along.

Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth;
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at Heaven's gate.

Beasts that dwell in field and wood,
Fish that cleave the wandering flood,
Insects, and all creeping things,
Praise the mighty King of kings.

Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with his word,
Those to whom the arts belong,
Join the rushing of the song.

Kings of knowledge and of law,
To the glorious circle draw;
All who work and all who wait,
Sing, 'The Lord is good and great.'

Men and women, young and old,
Raise the anthem manifold;
And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts.

From the north to southern pole
Let the mighty chorus roll—
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY ONE,
GLORY BE TO GOD ALONE.

Stopford Augustus Brooke, b. 1832: lines 4, 10, 15, 16 varied.

CCLXIII

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord.
Ps. cxlv. 10 (A.V.)

God hath his solitudes, unpeopled yet,
Save by the peaceful life of bird and flower,
Where, since the world's foundation, he hath set
The hiding of his power.

Year after year his rains make fresh and green
Lone wastes of prairie, where, as daylight goes,
Legions of bright-hued blossoms all unseen
Their curven petals close.

Year after year unnumbered forest leaves
Expand and darken to their perfect prime;
Each smallest growth its destiny achieves
In his appointed time.

Amid the strong recesses of the hills,
Fixed by his word, immutable and calm,
The murmuring river all the silence fills
With its unheeded psalm.

From deep to deep the floods lift up their voice,
Because his hands have measured them of old;
The far outgoings of the morn rejoice
His wonders to unfold.

The smallest cloudlet, wrecked in distant storms,
That wanders homeless through the summer skies,
Is reckoned in his purposes, and forms
One of his argosies.

Where the perpetual mountains patient wait,
Girded with purity, before his throne,
Keeping from age to age inviolate
Their everlasting crown;

Where the long-gathering waves of ocean break
With ceaseless music o'er untrodden strands;
From isles that day by day in silence wake,
From earth's remotest lands,—

The anthem of his praise shall uttered be,
All works created on his name shall call,
And laud and bless his holy name, for he
Hath pleasure in them all.

Mary Rowles Jarvis.

CCLXIV

The Lord is good to all, his tender mercies are over all his works. The Lord is worthy to be praised.

Praised be the Lord our God!
Give glory, honour, fame!
We are not worthy, Lord,
To breathe thy holy name;
Praised by our Brother Sun,
Who lights this earthly ball;
His burning rays declare
Thy splendour where they fall.

Praised by our Sister Moon;
By Stars as they appear
In thy fair sky above,
So beautiful and clear.
And praisèd be the Lord
By our dear Brother Wind,
By Air, and Cloud, and Sky,
Who give us food in kind.

By Water, Sister chaste,
Humble, and fair, and free,
And precious to the world,
The Lord shall praisèd be.
Praised by our Brother Fire,
For he is strong and bright;
And by his beauty's power
He vivifies the night.

Sweet St. Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again, He that in his catholic wholeness used to call the very flowers Sisters, brothers—and the beasts, whose pains are hardly less than ours!

And praised be thou, O Lord,
By our dear Mother Earth,
Whom thou dost love and deck
With fruit, and flowers, and mirth.
And praised be thou by those
Who pardon for thy love;
For theirs is grief below,
But crowns of peace above.

And praised be thou, O Lord,
By our dear Sister Death,
For woe is theirs alone
Who yield in sin their breath.
All creatures of thy power
To thee their hearts upraise,
And render to thy name
All service and all praise.

William Edward Armitage Axon, b. 1841: tr. from the 'Cantico delle Creature' of St. Francis of Assisi, 1182–1226. Lines 37–40 are omitted, and lines 2, 36–40 varied.

CCLXV

Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield. Gen. xv. 1.
I am the Lord, the God of Abraham. Gen. xxviii. 13.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blessed.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face;
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And 'Holy, holy, holy,' cry,
'Almighty King!
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee.'

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God—and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers, 1725–1799 (1770); stanzas 1, 2, 4, 10, 12: line 19 varied.

CCLXVI

He is Lord of lords and King of kings. Rev. xvii. 14.
He is Lord of all. Acts. x. 36.

CHRISTVS VINCIT, CHRISTVS REGNAT, CHRISTVS IMPERAT.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall,
There join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

Stanzas 1–4 by Edward Perronet, 1726–1795 (1779); stanzas 5 and 6 by John Rippon, 1751–1836 (1787): line 23 varied.

Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow. *Phil. ii. 9, 10.*

CCLXVII

And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. Isaiah vi. 3.

Bright the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:—
'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,'—singing,
'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.
'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

With his Seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
'Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

Richard Mant, 1776–1848 (1837): originally 4 stanzas of eight lines with no refrain. Here are omitted the whole of the third stanza and the latter half of the fourth. The refrain was originally the former half of the second stanza.

CCLXVIII

The Lord hath done great things for us. **Psalm cxxvi. 3.**

Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

Nun danket alle Gott
Mit Herzen, Mund, und Händen,
Der grosse Dinge thut
An uns und allen Enden,
Der uns von Mutterleib
Und Kindesbeinen an
Unzählig viel zu gut
Und noch jetzund gethan.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

Der ewig-reiche Gott
Woll' uns bei unserm Leben
Ein immer fröhlich Herz
Und edlen Frieden geben,
Und uns in seiner Gnad'
Erhalten fort und fort,
Und uns aus aller Not
Erlösen hier und dort.

To Father and to Son
Praise, honour, thanks be given;
And unto him who reigns
With them in highest heaven;
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
Who was of old, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Lob', Ehr', und Preis sei Gott,
Dem Vater und dem Sohne,
Und dem, der beiden gleich
Im höchsten Himmelsthrone,
Ihm, dem dreiein'gen Gott,
Wie es anfänglich war,
Und ist, und bleiben wird,
Jetzund und immerdar.

Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878 (1858), from Martin Rinkart's Nun danket alle Gott, 1586–1649 (1644). Third stanza varied. The hymn, which was suggested by Ecclus. l. 22–26, has become in Germany the national hymn of thanksgiving, and was sung, for instance, at the completion of Cologne Cathedral, August 14, 1880.

Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpah and Shen and called the name of it Eben-ezer, [that is, The Stone of Help], saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

1 Sam. vii. 12.

CCLXIX

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. **Psalm xxiii. 6.**

My God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all my joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain,
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, but not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1825–1864 (1858). The hymn originally began 'I thank thee, O my God.'

CCLXX

We have found the Messiah.

John i. 41.

My heart and voice I raise,
To spread Messiah's praise;
Messiah's praise let all repeat;
The universal Lord,
By whose almighty word
Creation rose in form complete.

He lived, he died, he rose,
Triumphant o'er his foes,
And led the vanquished host in chains:
He threw their empire down,
His foes compelled to own,
O'er all the great Messiah reigns.

With mercy's mildest grace
He governs all our race
In wisdom, righteousness, and love:
Who to Messiah fly
Shall find redemption nigh,
And all his great salvation prove.

May I but find the grace
To fill a humble place
In that inheritance above;
My tuneful voice I'll raise
In songs of loudest praise
To spread thy fame, Redeeming Love!

Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace!
Thy kingdom shall increase,
Till all the world thy glory see;
And righteousness abound
As the great deep profound,
And fill the earth with purity!

Benjamin Rhodes, 1743–1815 (1787): lines 7, 20 varied; stanzas 1, 3, 4, 8, 5 of the original nine as printed in the Wesleyan Hymn Book.

CCLXXI

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgements, and his ways past tracing out! Rom. xi. 33.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

For as in Adam all die, so also in Christ shall all be made alive.

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and his very self,
And essence all divine.

O generous love! that he, who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

John Henry Newman, 1801–1890 (1865).

CCLXXII

While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being. **Psalm cxlvi. 2.**

God of my life, through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But O when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing Seraphs round thy throne.

The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–1751 (1740). The hymn, first published apparently in 1755, was entitled 'Praise to God through the whole of existence'; it began 'God of my life, through all its days,' and differs from the above also in lines 2, 3, 4, 14, 22.

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.

Job xiii. 15 (A.V.)

CCLXXIII

And I saw, and I heard a voice of many angels round about the throne and the living creatures and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a great voice, Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every created thing which is in the heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and on the sea, and all things that are in them, heard I saying, Unto him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb, be the blessing, and the honour, and the glory, and the dominion, for ever and ever. **Rev. v. 11–13.**

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus!'
'Worthy the Lamb!' our hearts reply;
'For he was slain for us.'

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748 (1707): line 7 varied and the fourth stanza omitted.

CCLXXIV

The heavens declare the glory of God; And the firmament sheweth his handywork. Psalm xix. 1.

Version of Psalm XIX.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is Divine.'

Joseph Addison, 1672–1719 (first printed in the Spectator, No. 465, for August 23, 1712): line 6 varied.

CCLXXV

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, More than they have when their corn and their wine are increased. Psalm iv. 7.

Version of Psalm XXIII.

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack, if I am his,
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Thy glory baffles wisdom. All the tracks Of science, making toward thy Perfectness, Are blinding desert sand: we scarce can spell The Alif of thine alphabet of Love.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever!

Sir Henry Williams Baker, 1821–1877 (1868): the fifth stanza is omitted. The last audible words on the author's dying lips were lines 9–12.

Love threatens that it may not strike; and still
Unheeded, strikes, that so it may not kill.

Trench.

CCLXXVI

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil. **Psalm xxiii. 4.**

Another Version of Psalm XXIII.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes he
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
By weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Oft-times the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, 'Lo, it is I.'

Above the tempest wild I hear him say,
'Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way.'

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie--what matter? He is there.

Anonymous.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, though as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompassed by his faithful guard,
And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

Tennyson.

He knows not his own strength that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses, but no *ill* can happen to a good man.

Ben Jonson.

ΟΥΚ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΑΝΔΡΙ ΑΓΑΘΩΙ ΚΑΚΟΝ ΟΥΔΕΝ ΟΥΤΕ ΖΩΝΤΙ ΟΥΤΕ ΤΕΛΕΥΤΗΣΑΝΤΙ.

Plato.

CCLXXVII

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led thy captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts among men, Yea, among the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell with them.
Psalm lxviii. 18.

Version of Psalm XXIV, Part ii.

Our Lord is risen from the dead;
  Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
  Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
  And angels chant the solemn lay;—
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
  Ye everlasting doors, give way!

'Loose all your bars of massy light,
  And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
  Receive the King of glory in!'

'Who is this King of glory? who?'
  'The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
  And JESUS is the Conqueror's name.'

Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
  And angels chant the solemn lay;—
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
  Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

'Who is this King of glory? who?'
  'The Lord, of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
  God over all, for ever blessed!'

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788 (1743); stanzas 8–13 of a version of Psalm xxiv: in line 14 'our' is substituted for 'his.'

CCLXXVIII

Choral hymn sung in antiphonal measure, voice answering to voice, and chorus to chorus, as the congregation of Israel wound in procession up the holy hill, carrying the ark of the Lord from the house of Obed-edom to the city of David.

Another Version of Psalm XXIV.

CHORUS, *as the procession begins to ascend the hill.*

The earth through all its measures,
The world from zone to zone,
Its people and its treasures,
Belong to God alone.
Where seas of old were rolling,
The solid land he massed;
The waves by bounds controlling,
He set earth's pillars fast.

Voice from above. Who shall Jehovah's mountain climb?
Who stand within his courts sublime?
Voice replying. He whose hands are clean from sin,
He whose heart is pure within,
He whose soul doth evil fly,
He who swears not to a lie.

CHORUS *from above.*

With love in fullness flowing the Lord his soul shall bless,
The priceless gift bestowing of saving righteousness.
This is the generation of them that ask his grace,
Who seek with adoration, O Jacob's God, thy face.

CHORUS, *as the procession reaches the gates.*

Lift up your heads, ye deathless gates,
Roll back, ye doors of old!
The King of glory yonder waits;
His shining train behold!

Voice from within. Who may this King of glory be?
Voice replying. His might is known to fame,
In battles crowned with victory:
Jehovah is his name!
Uplift your heads, eternal gates!
His rightful throne to win,
The King of glory entrance waits:
Ye doors, O let him in!

Voice from within. Who may this King so glorious be
In triumph that ye bring?
CHORUS. Jehovah, Lord of hosts, is he:
Of glory he is King!

William Digby Seymour, 1822–1895.

CCLXXIX

The Lord of Hosts is with us; The God of Jacob is our refuge
Psalm xlvi. 11.

Version of Psalm XLVI. 1-5.

God is the refuge of his saints,
  When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
  Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
  Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
  Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
  In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore
  Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow
  Makes glad the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
  And watering our divine abode.

Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
  Secure against the threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
  Built on his faithfulness and power.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748 (1719): lines 14, 18, 20 varied: stanza 5 omitted.

If you fear,
Cast all your cares on God: that anchor holds.
Tennyson.

Submit yourself to God and you shall find
God fights the battles of a will resigned.
Ken.

CCLXXX

Ethiopia shall haste to stretch out her hands unto God.
Psalm lxviii. 31.

Version of Psalm LXXII.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth:
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all blessed:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854 (1821); the last line varied by John Keble: the original has 8 stanzas, of which 2 and 3, with the latter half of 6 and 7, are here omitted.

CCLXXXI

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, And from the River unto the ends of the earth. Psalm lxxii. 8.

Another Version of Psalm LXXII.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise, and set no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their young Hosannas to his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolong the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748 (1719): lines 2, 4, 6, 12, 20 varied. Stanzas 2, 3, 7 omitted.

CCLXXXII

Ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to innumerable hosts of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn who are enrolled in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of a new covenant. **Heb. xii. 22—24**

Based on Psalms LXXXVII and XLVI, Isaiah XXXIII. 20 sqq.,

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

and Isaiah LX. 15–20.

Therefore hear what God hath spoken:
'O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
This abode I keep for you!
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

There, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and Righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again;
God shall rise, and shining o'er you
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.'

Stanzas 1, 2 by John Newton, 1725–1807 (1779) from a hymn of 5 stanzas on Zion, the City of God; 3, 4 by William Cowper, 1731–1800, from a hymn of 3 stanzas on the Future of the Church. Lines 17, 20, 25 varied as in Stopford Brooke's Christian Hymns.

CCLXXXIII

Know ye that the Lord he is God: It is he that hath made us and we are his; We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
Psalm c. 3.

Version of Psalm C.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
  Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
  He can create, and he destroy.

His sovran power, without our aid,
  Wrought us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
  He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
  High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
  Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command:
  Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
  When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748 (1719): stanzas 2, 3, 5 and 6 from his paraphrase of this Psalm beginning 'Sing to the Lord with joyful voice': lines 1, 2, 6, 15 varied.

Omnes Terrae, iubilate!
Laeti Deum adorate,
Cumque cantu festinate
  In conspectum Domini.

Dominum scitote Deum
Nobis esse, solum eum;
Deus est qui nos creavit;
Sumus illi, quos curavit,
  Pecus atque populi.

Eius ante portam state,
Eius curias intrate;
Nomen eius collaudate;
  Redditote gratias.

Namque Deus laude dignus,
Semper clemens et benignus,
Serus vindex peccatorum;
Inque saecla saeculorum
  Durat eius veritas.

Charles Rann Kennedy, 1808–1867.

CCLXXXIV

He hath regarded the prayer of the destitute.
Psalm cii. 17

Version of Psalm CII.

Out of the heaven the Lord looked forth
From his pavilion in the north
To hear the captives crying;
To set the broken-hearted free,
To bid the bold oppressor flee,
And save the poor and dying.

Then came the lost, the enslavèd, home,
Like ships across the harbour foam,
To praise the Lord, their Saviour;
And all the long-afflicted folk
From dark captivities awoke
And tyrannous behaviour.

But me alone he had forgot,
Or seemed as he remembered not,
And left me quite despairing:
My days were shortened by his will,
My strength made weak, my good turned ill,
Upon my weary faring.

But then I said,—O God, my God,
In midst of this my earthly road
My life do not dissever;
As for thy years, not mine they are,
They come from boundless ages far,
And rush along for ever.

Thou, Lord, when all things had their birth
Didst lay the steadfast roots of earth,
And spread the spacious heaven:
They shall decay, but thou shalt last;
They, like a garment fretted fast,
To death are over-given.

And as a vesture, thou shalt change
Their forms, but yet behind them range
The Changeless, the Unfailing:
So I, though broken now, shall be
Immortal, since at one with thee,
This, this alone availing!

Stopford Augustus Brooke. b. 1832: lines 26, 32, 33 varied.

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CCLXXXV

Bless the Lord, O my soul; And all that is within me, bless his holy name. **Psalm ciii. 1.**

Version of Psalm CIII.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring:
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee his praise should sing?
Praise him, praise him,
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Praise him, praise him,
Glorious in his faithfulness!

Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise him, praise him,
Widely as his mercy flows.

The host of heaven worshippeth thee.

Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face:
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise him, praise him,
Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847 (1834): stanza 4 omitted, lines 4 and 9 varied.

GOD'S ABUNDANT FORGIVENESS

Let the wicked forsake his way,
And the unrighteous man his thoughts,
And let him return unto the Lord,
And he will have mercy upon him;
And to our God, for he will ABUNDANTLY pardon:
For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
Neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.
For as the heavens are higher than the earth,
So are my ways higher than your ways,
And my thoughts than your thoughts. *Isaiah lv. 7–9.*

CCLXXXVI

Men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts . . . They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness. Psalm cxlv. 6, 7.

Version of Psalm CIV.

O worship the King all-glorious above;
Triumphantly sing his power and his love:
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space:
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

This earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old:
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
It freshens and fills in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and fleeting as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
Thy ransomed creation, in lowlier lays,
With true adoration shall echo thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1785–1837 (1833); based on William Kethe's version of Psalm civ. (1561). Lines 2, 16, 17, 23, 24 varied.

Thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment that thou seest him by.

The Earth Spirit in Goethe's Faust [Carlyle].

CCLXXXVII

Give praise to our God, all ye his servants, ye that fear him, the small and the great. **Rev. xix. 5.**

From all that dwell below the skies, **Version of**
Let the Creator's praise arise; **Psalm**
Let the Redeemer's name be sung **CXVII.**
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748 (1719).

O omnes gentes undique,
Laudate Dominum;
Laudate, omnes populi,
Per orbis ambitum.
Nam ingens est hominibus
Illius bonitas;
Et per aeterna saecula
Illius veritas.
Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,
Honor et gloria,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
Dum current saecula.

From the Liber Precum, Christ Church, Oxford, 1726.

Thou art more than all
The shrines that hold Thee; and our wisest creeds
Are but the lispings of a prattling child
To spell the infinite.

John Stuart Blackie.

CCLXXXVIII

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him.
Psalm cxlv. 18.

Version of Psalm CXXI.

To the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels.
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down, the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.

Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide:
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy watchman never sleeps.

Neither sin, nor death, nor hell,
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes;
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.

See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near!
Lo, he holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear,
Shadows with his wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin;
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Filled with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect, now,
Henceforth, and evermore.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788: (less probably, John Wesley).

CCLXXXIX

Offer unto God the sacrifice of thanksgiving [i.e. your gratitude].
Psalm l. 14.

Version of Psalm CXXXVI.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state;

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain;

Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light;

And caused the golden-tressèd sun
All the day long his course to run;

The hornèd moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright;

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need;

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth;

That his mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Written by John Milton (1608–1674) at the age of 15: stanzas 1, 5–9, 22–24.

CCXC

While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being. Psalm cxlvi. 2.

Version of Psalm CXLVI.

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
  Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
  Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
  And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
  And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
  He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
  And grants the prisoner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
  Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
  Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748 (1719): lines 1, 13, 14, as varied by John Wesley: stanzas 2 and 5 are omitted.

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CCXCI

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: Praise him in the heights. Psalm cxlviii. 1.

Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore him; **Version of**
Praise him, angels, in the height; **Psalm**
Sun and moon, rejoice before him; **CXLVIII.**
Praise him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail:
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

The author is unknown, the date probably 1801.

In thee what endless wonders meet,
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

Created powers how weak they be;
How short our praises fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou the Eternal All.

Isaac Watts.

CCXCII

O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise and exalt him above all for ever.

Song of the Three Children, ver. 35.

Version of Psalm CXLVIII.

Praise the Lord of Heaven,
Praise him in the height,
Praise him, all ye angels,
Praise him, stars and light;
Praise him, skies, and waters
Which, above the skies,
When his word commanded,
Stablished did arise.

Praise the Lord, ye fountains
Of the deeps and seas,
Rocks and hills and mountains,
Cedars and all trees;
Praise him, clouds and vapours,
Snow, and hail, and fire,
Stormy wind, fulfilling
Only his desire.

Praise him, fowls and cattle,
Princes and all kings;
Praise him, men and maidens,
All created things;
For the name of God is
Excellent alone,
Over earth his footstool,
Over heaven his throne.

Thomas Briarly Browne (1844).

The Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance.

Milton.

CCXCIII

I have been young, and now am old: Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, Nor his seed begging their bread.
Psalm xxxvii. 25.

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within,—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Before me, even as behind, God is, and all is well.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

The years no charm from Nature take;
As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
Are slow, at least, to blame.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine;
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,
Dear Lord, the languid air:
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share.

And if the eye must fail of light,
The ear forget to hear,
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,
More fine the inward ear.

The best is yet to be, The last of life, for which the first was made.

Be near me in mine hours of need,
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893; stanzas 3, 4, 6, 7, 13–16 from 'My Birthday' (1871).

CCXCIV

Thy right hand shall hold me. Psalm cxxxix. 10.

In alium maturescimus partum.

I little see, I little know,
  Yet can I fear no ill;
He who hath guided me till now
  Will be my leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid
  Of trouble and of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
  And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will
  Or wisdom of mine own:
That higher Power upholds me still,
  And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,
  Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
  To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be
  As little I divine,—
What love may wait to welcome me,
  What fellowships be mine.

I know not what beyond may lie,
  But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die,
  And find new birth in death.

He will not leave my soul forlorn;
  I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn,
  And every evening new.

Upon his providence I lean,
  As lean in faith I must;
The lesson of my life hath been
  A heart of grateful trust.

And so my onward way I fare
  With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
  The music of my psalm.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer, 1840–1883: stanzas 8 and 9 are omitted.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures, Love, and Light,
  And calm Thoughts, regular as infant's breath,
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
  Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death. *Coleridge.*

CCXCV

Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee. **Deut. viii. 2.**

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

My cup runneth over.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery days of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime, and all was for best.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison, 1672–1719 (Spectator, Sat. Aug. 9, 1712): stanzas 1, 5–8, 10–13.

CCXCVI

Forsake not the works of thine own hands. Psalm cxxxviii. 8.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown;

Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shi
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, my Father! let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,—

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving ceas
And flows for ever through heaven's green expansio
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893 (1882).

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.

Edmund Waller, 1606–1687: the last lines he wrote.

CCXCVII

Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent. **Luke xxiv. 29.**

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold then thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in deatd, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847, written shortly before the author's death and published 1850. Stanzas 3, 4, 5 omitted.

THE SILENT VOICES

When the Dumb Hour, clothed in black,
Brings the Dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent Voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me,
And the sunlight that is gone!
Call me rather, Silent Voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On, and always on!

Tennyson.

CCXCVIII

Speak, Lord: for thy servant heareth.
1 Sam. iii. 9.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Alfred Tennyson, Aug. 6, 1809—Oct. 6, 1892 (1889).

'Crossing the Bar' was written in my father's eighty-first year, on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the Moaning of the Bar in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out. I said, 'That is the crown of your life's work.' He answered, 'It came in a moment.' He explained the Pilot as 'that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us.' A few days before my father's death he said to me, 'Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems.'—*Extract from the Memoir of Lord Tennyson, by his Son, published Oct. 6, 1897.*

CCXCIX

The winds and the sea obey him.
Matt. viii. 27.

O Pilot of our bark,
What though the night be dark?
What though the tempest rave?
Thou still canst hear and save.

Tossed by the troubled sea,
O Lord, we cry to thee,
And through the murky night
What figure meets our sight?

Lo, pitying our fear
The Lord himself draws near,
Walking upon the wave
His helpless ones to save.

In awe before his face
Vanish the clouds apace,
His footsteps on the deep
Lull every wave to sleep.

The winds obey his will,
The raging storm is still;
Then turn we to adore,
And lo, at hand the shore.

Edwin Abbott Abbott, b. Dec. 20, 1838.

And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—*2 Kings vi. 15–17.*

CCC

But when he saw the wind, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried out, saying, Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and took hold of him, and saith unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

Matt. xiv. 30, 31.

Jesu, our whole heart faints to lose
The loved ones whom we held so dear,
And burdens we may not refuse
Sin lays upon our back to bear;
O reach a sympathising hand!
Who, if not thou, can understand?

Life's ship drifts blindly to its doom;
Our flesh cries out on thee to save;
But blacker grows the shuddering gloom,
And wilder heaves the midnight wave;
Ope wide the harbour of thy breast,
And give the storm-tossed spirit rest.

Break through the mists of death, and shew
Our passage to the doubtful shore;
And when we go, and where we go,
Go with us, and we ask no more—
Thine arms around, beneath, above—
For love is all, and thou art Love.

James Rhoades, b. 1841.

Prayer is, to take a mundane simile, like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels, when the great sea gathers itself together and flows in at full tide.—*Tennyson.*

CCCI

A bruised reed shall he not break. Isaiah xlii. 3.

Amid the maddening whirl of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stay my spirit clings:—
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where Cherubim
And Seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate,—I know
His goodness and his love.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so, beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893; stanzas 11–13, 15–17, 19–20 from The Eternal Goodness (22 stanzas): lines 1, 3 varied. The Cambridge edition (U.S.) has 'maze' in line 1, 'trust' in line 3.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

Barbarity below cannot be holiness above. It is no more possible that what would be evil in man should be good in God than that a circle on earth should be a square in heaven.

CCCII

Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God.

Heb. xii. 1—2.

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that he trod,
Whose zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heaven,

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748: lines 4, 5, 6, 14, 19, varied.

ΕΣΤΙ ΔΕ ΠΙΣΤΙΣ ΕΛΠΙΖΟΜΕΝΩΝ ΥΠΟΣΤΑΣΙΣ ΠΡΑΓΜΑΤΩΝ ΕΛΕΓΧΟΣ ΟΥ ΒΛΕΠΟΜΕΝΩΝ.

CCCIII

He endured, as seeing him who is invisible.
Heb. xi. 27.

Author of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same:

To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

By faith we know thee strong to save;
(Save us, a present Saviour thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.

To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong commanding evidence
Their heavenly origin display.

Faith lends its realising light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

John Wesley, 1703–1791 (less probably, Charles Wesley): in vol. i. of the collected edition, p. 210, the reading of line 16 is 'happiness.'

Ο ΤΗΣ ΠΙΣΤΕΩΣ ΑΡΧΗΓΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΕΛΕΙΩΤΗΣ.

LIGHT CONCEALS—NIGHT REVEALS

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
  Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
  Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
  Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
  Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who would have thought such glory lay concealed
  Within thy beams, O Sun, or who could find
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
  That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

Joseph Blanco White, 1775–1841: in line 11 'flower' was substituted for 'fly' by William Sharp.

LIFE CONCEALS—DEATH REVEALS

CCCIV

The last enemy that shall be abolished is death.
1 Cor. xv. 26.

Thou, Lord, on whom I still depend,
Shalt keep me faithful to the end;
I trust thy truth and love and power
Shall save me till my latest hour;
And when I lay this body down,
Reward with an immortal crown.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.

Jesus, in thy great name I go
To conquer death, my final foe,
And when I quit this cumbrous clay,
And soar on angels' wings away,
My soul the second death defies,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ hath for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

To him that overcometh I will give a white stone, and upon the stone a new name written, which no one knoweth but he that receiveth it.

Dost thou desire to know and see
What thy mysterious name shall be?
Contending for thy heavenly home,
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome;
Till then, thou searchest out in vain
What only conquest can explain.

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788: line 17 varied. In vol. xiii. stanzas 1 and 2 are given as complete short hymns based, respectively, on Rev. ii. 10 and 11; the remainder being stanzas 1 and 4 of a hymn of 5 stanzas based on Rev. ii. 17.

ἃ ὀφθαλμὸς οὐκ εἶδε, καὶ οὖς οὐκ ἤκουσε, καὶ ἐπὶ καρδίαν ἀνθρώπου οὐκ ἀνέβη, ὅσα ἡτοίμασεν ὁ Θεὸς τοῖς ἀγαπῶσιν αὐτόν. *1 Cor. ii. 9.*

THE SUNSET

With splendour of farewell the sun goes down;
The far pavilions of the dying day
Are hung with gold and marvellous array,
Revealing in their depths, so radiant grown,
A light as of the rainbow round the throne.
But while, on our horizon lone and gray,
The long, reluctant glory dies away,
On other shores the light of day is sown
For noontide harvest—this sweet afterglow
As sunrise-promise otherwhere appears—
Wherefore, O heart, rejoice! Life's setting sun,
Whose slow departing but as death we know,
Makes heaven's high dawning. Where, with blinding tears,
We whisper, 'Ended,' angels write, 'Begun!'

Mary Rowles Jarvis.

THE RAINBOW

Not in the time of pleasure
Hope doth set her bow;
But in the sky of sorrow,
Over the vale of woe.

Through gloom and shadow look we
On beyond the years:
The soul would have no rainbow,
Had the eyes no tears.

John Vance Cheney.

CCCV

And they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand. **John x. 28**

Lord, to thy loving arms,
Our brother we restore,
Where neither sin nor sorrow harms
Upon the further shore.

He dwells in peace above
Where never care may come;
The soul that thou didst lend in love,
In love thou callest home.

My sheep hear my voice

Lord, when we sorrow most,
Then most one flock are we,
We grow not fewer, though the host
Step one by one to thee.

Whate'er befall, at length
Thus to thy heart we come:
Ah, lead us on from strength to strength,
Then draw us gently home.

Arthur Christopher Benson, b. 1862.

They go from strength to strength: everyone of them in Zion appeareth before God.—*Ps. lxxxiv. 7 (A.V.)*

The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth: his truer name
Is Onward, no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, though faintly heard
Until the great Hereafter. Mourn in hope.

Tennyson.

What can we do o'er whom the unbeholden
Hangs in a night wherewith we dare not cope?
What but look sunward, and with faces golden
Speak to each other softly of a hope?

F. W. H. Myers.

THE PARABLE OF THE DREAM

Thou dreamest: on a rock thou art
High o'er the broken wave;
Thou fallest with a fearful start,
But not into thy grave:
For waking in the morning's light
Thou smilest at the vanished night.

So wilt thou sink, all pale and dumb,
Into the fainting gloom;
But ere the coming terrors come,
Thou wakest: where is the tomb?
Thou wakest: the dead ones smile above
With hovering arms of sleepless love.

George Macdonald.

CCCVI

His chains fell off. Acts xii. 7.

The soul awakes, and from its darksome mansion
It makes its silent flight,
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly,
It is now far from them,
For it has reached the city of the saintly,
The new Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro,

And saying, as they meet, 'Rejoice! another,
Long waited for, is come:
The Saviour's heart is glad; a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home!'

James Drummond Burns, 1823–1864 (1854): from a poem likening the release of the soul from the body to the deliverance of Peter from prison (Acts xii.): stanzas 1–4 are here omitted, and the first line is varied. The first two stanzas may be omitted in singing.

There is no Death: what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call Death.

Longfellow.

CCCVII

He is not the God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto him. Luke xx. 38.

Quem putamus periisse praemissus est.

I cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

The Father's home is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and, here or there,
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made for ever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer, b. 1840 (1882).

IMMORTALITY

We think and feel; but will the dead
Awake to thought again?
A voice of comfort answers us
That God doth naught in vain.
He wastes not flower, nor bud, nor leaf,
Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;
Nor will he waste the hope which grief
Hath planted in the grave.

Ebenezer Elliott.

CCCVIII

Πολὺ ἰσχύει δέησις δικαίου ἐνεργουμένη.

James v. 16.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day:
Can he not reach thee with his tender care?
Can he not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to him who holds within
The hollow of his hands all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of him:
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray,
O true, brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In God's great universe thou art to-day!

Julia Caroline Dorr (née Ripley), b. 1825.

PRAY FOR MY SOUL

Nay! I will pray for them until I go
To their far realm beyond the strait of death!
For, past the deeps and all the winds that blow,
Somewhere within God's silences I know
My yearning heart, my prayers with sobbing breath,
Will find and bring them gladness! Drear and slow
Would dawn my days, were they not followed so
With perfect love that never varieth!
Does the fond wife, when mists hide wave and lea,
Forget her fisher's safety to implore,
Till the lost bark that holds her joy in fee,
Blithe, through the billows, comes again to shore?—
Our vanished ones but sail a vaster sea,
And there, as here, God listens evermore.

Edna Dean Proctor.

CCCIX

They received every man a penny.

Matt. xx. 9.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

No work begun shall ever pause for death.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done!

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893: stanzas 4–8 from Seed-time and Harvest, 1848.

QVI ORAT LABORAT

O power to do! O baffled will!
O prayer and action, ye are one.
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still:
And good but wished with God is done.

Whittier.

If death shall bruise this springing seed
Before it come to fruit,
The will with Thee goes for the deed,
Thy life was in the root.

Richard Baxter.

CCCX

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever. Isaiah xl. 6—8.

The morning flowers display their sweets
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Samuel Wesley, the eldest brother of John and Charles Wesley, 1691–1739 (1726).

He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time: for his soul pleased the Lord: therefore hasted he to take him away from the midst of the wicked.—*Wisdom iv. 13, 14.*

CCCXI

Our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us. 1 Thess. v. 9–10.
Jesus died and rose again. 1 Thess. iv. 14.

Jesus died for us, and rose again:
  Therefore are our hopes no longer dim:
Therefore know we that to die is gain,
    For we sleep in him.

Therefore father, mother, sister, brother,
  Still are ours, for all are still the Lord's:
Wherefore let us comfort one another
    With these blessed words.

Henry Montagu Butler, b. 1833.

FROM ONE WHO WENT AWAY IN HASTE

Sweet friends, I could not speak before I went,
  We could not wait—the messenger and I;
Will you guess all, with Love's clear vision bent
  On that poor past, with eyes that search the sky?
Some things I would have done, some words have said;
  Swift had my feet on those last errands run;
Once more I would have said, 'I love you,'—prayed
  Once more forgiveness for the good undone:
And do I hear a whisper, 'Ah, forgive,
  Forgive us any tenderness forgot'?
Hush, dearest pleader, where to-day I live
  Love's depth drowns all: the things that were are not.
Of all the wondrous tale anon we'll talk,
And on some sunny height together walk.

Sophie Winthrop Weitzel, 1840–1892: one word altered.

CCCXII

That where I am, there ye may be also.
John xiv. 3.

O Thou, the Deathless One who died,
To thee, thy bidden guests, we come,
Whose empire as the world is wide,
But in the lowly heart thy home,
From earth's vain turmoil lend release,
And give the world-worn spirit peace.

Sorely we need some guiding star,
For love is low, and faith expired;
O Master, we have come from far,
Are travel-stained and very tired;
And whither bound, no tongue can tell:
Come near and whisper, 'All is well.'

Break through the mists of death, and shew
Our passage to the doubtful shore;
And when we go, and where we go,
Go with us, and we ask no more—
Thine arms around, beneath, above—
For love is all, and thou art Love.

James Rhoades, b. 1841.

Eternal Life hath no place, and the Kingdom of God no time.
F. A. R. Russell.

LIGHT

He wills we may not read life's book aright,
Wrest from each awful line its meaning clear
Till we have bowed to read it by the light
Of pallid tapers on some true love's bier.

H. P. Kimball.

CCCXIII

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth.
Rev. xiv. 13.

Hush! blessed are the dead
In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
For ever on his breast.

O beatific sight!
No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
Whom here they loved unseen.

For them the wild is past
With all its toil and care,
Its withering midnight blast,
Its fiery noonday glare.

Them the Good Shepherd leads,
Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads
Beside the Fount of Life.

Ours only are the tears,
Who weep around their tomb
The light of bygone years
And shadowing years to come.

Their voice, their touch, their smile,—
Those love-springs flowing o'er,—
Earth for its little while
Shall never know them more.

O tender hearts and true,
Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you;
Nor blame us,—Jesus wept.

But soon at break of day,
His calm almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
Awake! arise! rejoice!

Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1825–1906 (1873).

Is that a deathbed where a Christian lies?
Yes, but not his—'tis Death itself there dies.

Coleridge.

CCCXIV

And so shall we ever be with the Lord.
1 Thess. iv. 17.

For ever with the Lord! **Τὰ βλεπόμενα**
Amen, so let it be, **πρόσκαιρα,**
Life from the dead is in that word, **τὰ μὴ βλεπόμενα**
'Tis immortality. **αἰώνια.**

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, For ever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!

James Montgomery, 1771–1854 (1835): the original hymn contains 22 stanzas.

CCCXV

The spirit shall return unto God who gave it.
Eccl. xii. 7.

Now the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the further shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At his feet in Paradise.

'Earth to earth, and dust to dust'—
Calmly now the words we say:
Left behind, we wait in trust
Till the resurrection day.

John Ellerton, 1826–1893 (1871): stanzas 3 and 5 omitted.

THE DIVINE TRANSMUTER

Thy cross throws rainbow-glory
On every darksome cloud;
Thou writest Resurrection
On coffin, grave, and shroud.
Thou makest lustrous jewels
From salt of human tears,
And chisellest God's likeness
Through the progress of our years.

Alfred Rushbrooke, 1850–1896 (1892).

CCCXVI

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them. Wisdom iii. 1.

O Lord of life, where'er they be,
Safe in thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto thee:
Hallelujah!

All souls are thine and, here or there,
They rest within thy sheltering care;
One Providence alike they share:
Hallelujah!

Thy word is true, thy ways are just;
Above the requiem 'Dust to dust'
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust,
Hallelujah!

O happy they in God who rest:
No more by fear and doubt oppressed,
Living or dying, they are blest:
Hallelujah!

Frederick Lucian Hosmer, b. 1840.

CAST ON GOD THY CARE FOR THESE

Trust Him, if thy sight be dim;
Doubt for them is doubt of Him.
Blind must be their close-shut eyes
Where like night the sunshine lies;
Fiery-linked the self-forged chain
Binding ever sin to pain;
Strong their prison-house of will,
But without He waiteth still.
Every chain that spirits wear
Crumbles in the breath of prayer,
And the penitent's desire
Opens every gate of fire.
Still thy love, O Christ arisen,
Yearns to reach these souls in prison
Through all depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of thy cross!
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound.

Whittier: from The Grave by the Lake.

CCCXVII

But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city. Heb. xi. 16.

Dear thoughts that once our union made, Death does not disallow; We prayed for them while here they stayed; And what shall hinder now?

When in their lonely bed
Loved ones are lying;
When joyful wings are spread
To heaven flying;
Would we to sin and pain
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Severed in dying?

No, Holy Father, No!
To thee, Life-giver,
Let their dear spirits go
Blessed for ever:
From every sorrow free,
In Immortality,
Joined with their friends to be,
No more to sever!

As quoted—and varied—in Martineau's Hymns of Praise and Prayer from an anonymous hymn entitled 'The Judgment' in the Plymouth Collection, U.S., 1855: 2 stanzas from 5.

CCCXVIII

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

Glory be to God on high,
God in whom we live and die,
God, who guides us by his love,
Takes us to his throne above!
Angels, ye that gird his throne,
Sing the wonders he hath done,
Shout, while we on earth reply,
Glory be to God on high!

God of everlasting grace,
Worthy thou of endless praise,
Thou hast all thy blessings shed
On the living and the dead;
Thou wast here their sure defence,
Thou hast borne their spirits hence;
Worthy thou of endless praise,
God of everlasting grace.

Thanks be all ascribed to thee,
Blessing, power and majesty;
Thee, by whose almighty Name
They their latest foe o'ercame;
Thou the victory hast won,
Saved them by thy grace alone,
Caught them up thy face to see,
Thanks be all ascribed to thee!

Happy in thy glorious love,
We shall from the vale remove,
Glad partakers of our hope,
We shall soon be taken up,
Meet again our heavenly friends,
Blest with bliss that never ends,
Joined to all thy hosts above,
Happy in thy glorious love!

Char'es Wesley, 1707–1788: line 5 varied.

CCCXIX

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. **Daniel xii. 3.**

Who are these like stars appearing?
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
'Hallelujah!' hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These are they who watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve him still:
Now in God's most holy place
Blessed they stand before his face.

Frances Elizabeth Cox (1841); from the German of H. T. Schenck, 1656–1727 (Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne); 4 stanzas out of 14 from the 2nd edition (1864): line 19 varied.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like theirs
Is more than books or scrolls.
From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revea'ed in holy lives.

Whittier: The Friend's Burial.

CCCXX

That they may rest from their labours.

Rev. xiv. 13.

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day:
The saints triumphant rise in long array;
The King of Glory passes on his way.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's furthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

William Walsham How, 1823–1897 (1864): eight stanzas from the original eleven.

CCCXXI

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come. **1 Cor. xi. 26.**

Till he come—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—Till he come.

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only till he come.

Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, 'Till he come.'

See, the feast of love is spread;
Drink the wine, and break the bread—
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till he come.

Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1825–1906 (1861).

A little while, and ye behold me no more: and again a little while, and ye shall see me. *John xvi. 16.*

CCCXXII

Amen come, Lord Jesus. Rev. xxii. 20.

Come, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

One family we dwell in him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.
O that we too may grasp our guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Jesus, do thou the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

Charles Wesley, 1707–1788 (1759): eight lines are omitted after line 20; and lines 29–31 are varied.

CCCXXIII

A great multitude which no man could number.
Rev. vii. 9.

Hark the sound of holy voices,
  Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
  Hallelujah! Lord, to thee;
Multitudes which none can number,
  Like the stars in glory, stand
Clothed in white apparel, holding
  Palms of victory in their hand.

They have come from tribulation,
  And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
  Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
  Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
  By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with thy cross their banner,
  They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
  Thee, their Saviour and their King:
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered;
  Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
  They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
  Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
  Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
  And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
  Of the blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–1885: lines 5, 6, 8 varied and stanzas 2 and 6 omitted.

CCCXXIV

Then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven.
Matt. xxiv.|30.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of Hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens thy promised sign:
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Henry Alford, 1810–1871 (stanzas 1, 2, 3 in 1867): sung, together with the last stanza, at the author's funeral.

CCCXXV

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.

Isaiah xliii. 2.

The mighty hopes that make us men.

When for me the silent oar
  Parts the Silent River,
And I stand upon the shore
  Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

  Can the bonds, that make us here
    Know ourselves immortal,
  Drop away like foliage sere
    At life's inner portal?
  What is holiest below
  Must for ever live and grow.

He who on our earthly path
  Bids us help each other,
Who his well-beloved hath
  Made our Elder Brother,
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer when we meet above.

  Therefore dread I not to go
    O'er the Silent River:
  Death, thy hastening oar I know;
    Bear me, thou Life-giver,
  Through the waters to the shore
  Where mine own have gone before.

Lucy Larcom, 1826–1893 (1858): stanzas 2, 3, 4, 6, 7 omitted.

REST

He giveth rest more sweet when life is done,
  Repose from toil, discharge from every fight;
Death, the strong angel standing in the sun,
  And therefore dark to our tear-blinded sight,
Made to fly swiftly, bears the healing balm
  That stills for evermore the life-long quest,
And leaves on lips and brow the endless calm
    And majesty of rest.

Mary Rowles Jarvis.

DE MORTVIS NIL NISI VERVM

I often have a kind of waking dream: up one road the image of a man decked and adorned as if for a triumph, carried up by rejoicing and exulting friends, who praise his goodness and achievements; and, on the other road, turned back to back to it, there is the very man himself, in sordid and squalid apparel, surrounded, not by friends, but by ministers of justice, and going on, while his friends are exulting, to his certain and perhaps awful judgment. That vision rises when I hear, not just and conscientious endeavours to make out a man's character, but when I hear the loose things that are said—often in kindness and love—of those beyond the grave.

R. W. Church.

SVMMA IVSTITIA SVMMVS AMOR

Even in the last retreats of despair, God is our rock, and our Faith the deliverance from Fear. Though he be the sinner's terror, he is yet the sinner's stay. Without him, the sweet openings of hope are for ever closed; with him, there is nothing too good and blessed to be true. There is no night so drear and long that he is not its distant day-spring. There are no human creatures so forlorn, as not to feel that, if in his presence they must hide the face and shrink, in his absence they would wring the hands and be undone. Let every fearful soul take courage then: in sorrow and sin seek the everlasting shelter; and say 'Thou art my rock, in whom I trust; my fortress; of whom shall I be afraid?'

Martineau.

Not for that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon. 2 Cor. v. 4.

This corruptible must put on incorruption.

Little one, you must not fret
That I take your clothes away;
Better sleep you so will get,
And at morning wake more gay—
Saith the children's mother.

You I must unclothe again,
For you need a better dress;
Too much worn are body and brain;
You need everlastingness—
Saith the heavenly Father.

I went down death's lonely stair,
Laid my garments in the tomb;
Dressed again one morning fair;
Hastened up, and hied me home—
Saith the Elder Brother.

Then I will not be afraid
Any ill can come to me;
When 'tis time to go to bed,
Going, I shall go with Thee—
Saith the little brother.

George Macdonald. Line 19 varied.

I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.
Psalm xxiii. 4.

CCCXXVI

He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death. Job xii. 22.

Sometimes hours of stillness
  Wondrous visions shew,
Heaven unfolds before us,
  Angels come and go.

Holy human faces,
  From earth's shadows free,
Look with love upon us,
  Bid us patient be.

Almost we discern them,
  Almost read their smile,
Almost hear them saying,
  'Wait a little while!'

Thus in hours of stillness
  Faith to heaven shall rise,
Till death's last deep silence
  Quite unseals our eyes.

Theodore Chickering Williams, b. 1855: stanzas 1 and 2 omitted, and line 1 varied.

Immortal by their deed and word
  Like light around them shed,
Still speak the Prophets of the Lord,
  Still live the Sainted Dead.

F. L. Hosmer.

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul
Than when she lived indeed.

Shakespeare.

The voiceless counsels that look through the visionary eyes of our departed steal into us behind our will, and sweep the clouds away, and direct us on a wiser path than we should know to choose. . . . I have known a mother among the sainted blest, sway the will of a thoughtful child far more than her living voice; brood with a kind of serene omnipresence over his affections, and sanctify his passing thought by the mild vigilance of her pure and loving eye.

Martineau.

Still shines the light of holy lives
Like star-beams over doubt,
Each sacred memory, Christlike, drives
Some dark possession out.

Whittier.

We feel their living presence still,
The angels of our home and hearth!

Frances P. Mace.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Whittier.

God created man in his own image.

THE KING:

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

THE RIGHTEOUS:

Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink? And when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? And when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

THE KING:

Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me.

CCCXXVII

All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.
1 Chron. xxix. 14.

Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christlike thing.

And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

William Walsham How (1823–1897).

Ye also, when ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do.—*Luke xvii. 10.*

CCCXXVIII

Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me. Matt. xxv. 40.

Lord of Glory, who hast bought us
With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
And with that hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To the unthankful and the evil
With thine own unsparing hand;

Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield thee
Gladly, freely of thine own;
With the sunshine of thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed
'Tis to give than to receive.

Wondrous honour hast thou given
To our humblest charity
In thine own mysterious sentence,
'Ye have done it unto Me.'
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying, by thy poor and needy,
'Give, as I have given to you'?

Yes: the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to thee;
Right of which we may not rob thee,
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that Face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.

Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on thee;
But O, best of all thy graces,
Give us thine own charity.

Eliza Sibbald Alderson (née Dykes), 1818–1889 (1864).

Τοῖς πλουσίοις παράγγελλε πλουτεῖν ἐν ἔργοις καλοῖς.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

The meal unshared is food unblest; Thou hoardst in vain what love should spend; Self-ease is pain; the only rest is labour for a worthy end.

Εἶδες τὸν ἀδελφόν σου, εἶδες τὸν Θεόν σου.

From the Agrapha.

Nothing is degrading which a high and graceful purpose ennobles; and offices the most menial cease to be menial, the moment they are wrought in love. What thousand services are rendered, aye and by delicate hands, around the bed of sickness, which, else considered mean, become at once holy and quite inalienable rights! To smooth the pillow, to proffer the draught, to soothe or obey the fancies of the delirious will, to sit for hours as the mere sentinel of the feverish sleep;—these things are suddenly erected, by their relation to hope and life, into sacred privileges. And experience is perpetually bringing occasions, similar in kind though of less persuasive poignancy, when a true eye and a loving heart will quickly see the relations of things thrown into a new position and calling for a sacrifice of conventional order to the higher laws of the affections; and alike without condescension and without ostentation, will noiselessly take the post of gentle service and do the kindly deed.

Martineau.

Entire affection hateth nicer hands.

Spenser.

CCCXXIX

But he, desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour? Luke x. 29.

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching head or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

He findeth not who seeks his own; The soul is lost that's saved alone.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim:
Go, enter thou his humble door
With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow crowns the brim:
With words of high sustaining hope
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave
Fettered in mind or limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave:
Go thou and ransom him.

Thy neighbour? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

William Cutter, 1801–1867 (1828).

TO THE CHRIST

Thou hast on earth a trinity,—
Thyself, my fellow-man, and me:
When one with him, then one with Thee,
Nor, save together, thine are we.

John Banister Tabb.

THE CHRIST: Which of these three proved neighbour unto him that fell among the robbers?
THE LAWYER: He that shewed mercy on him.
THE CHRIST: Go and do thou likewise.

PER VITAM AD MORTEM TRANSITVS

Shemuel, the Bethlehemite,
Watched a fevered guest at night;
All his fellows fared afield,
Saw the angel host revealed;
He nor caught the mystic story,
Heard the song, nor saw the glory.

Through the night they gazing stood,
Heard the holy multitude;
Back they came in wonder home,
Knew the Christmas Kingdom come,
Eyes aflame, and hearts elated;—
Shemuel sat alone and waited.

Works of mercy now, as then,
Hide the angel host from men;
Hearts atune to earthly love
Miss the angel notes above;
Deeds, at which the world rejoices,
Quench the sound of angel voices.

So they thought, nor deemed from whence
His celestial recompense.
Shemuel, by the fever bed,
Touched by beckoning hands that led,
Died, and saw the Uncreated;—
All his fellows lived and waited.

Edward Ernest Bowen, 1836–1901.

PER MORTEM AD VITAM REDITVS

CCCXXX

How can this man give us his flesh to eat?
John vi. 52.

Lord, evermore give us this bread.

To sacrifice, to share,
  To give as Jesus gave,
For others' wants to care,
  Not our own lives to save,—

This is the Living Bread
  Which cometh down from heaven,
Wherewith our souls are fed,
  The pure, immortal leaven.

The hidden Manna this,
  Whereof who eateth, he
Grows up in perfectness
  Of Christlike symmetry.

Who seeks this bread shall be
  Nor stinted nor denied:
Our hungry souls in thee,
  O Christ, are satisfied!

Lucy Larcom: stanzas 8, 10–12 of 'Daily Bread': line 2 varied.

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
'Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again with a great wakening light,
And shewed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt, 1784–1859.

CCCXXXI

Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.
Romans xiv. 8.

Not my will, but thine.

Lord, it belongs not to my care
  Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
  And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
  That I may long obey;
If short—yet why should I be sad
  To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
  Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
  Must enter by His door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
  Thy blessed face to see:
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
  What will thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints
  And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
  To sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
  The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
  And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter, 1615–1691: line 12 varied.

Look, radiant foreheads out of heaven are bending;
All earth is Bethel, angels still descending!
And though dread names of mystery they borrow—
Care, Poverty, Bereavement, Pain, and Sorrow—
Fear them not: wait and see the brightness, rather,
They shine with, in the presence of your Father!

Lucy Larcom.

CCCXXXII

He healed many that were sick. Mark i. 34.

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
  Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
  O'er darkness and the grave:
To thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
  The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
  The sick with fevered frame.

I am the Lord that healeth thee.

And lo, thy touch brought life and health,
  Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
  Owned thee, the Lord of Light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
  Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
  As by Gennesareth shore.

Though love and might no longer heal
  By touch, or word, or look;
Though they, who do thy work, must read
  Thy laws in Nature's book:
Yet heal and quicken, soothe and bless,
  With thine almighty breath:
And be our great Deliverer still,
  Thou Lord of life and death.

Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1821–1891 (1867): lines 21–24, 29–32 omitted, and lines 21, 23 varied.

My times are in thy hand:
  Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
  His child a needless tear.

W. F. Lloyd.

CCCXXXIII

Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep.
Romans xii. 15.

O Son of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless thee for thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of thee, their Chief;

Those whom thy spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear thy saving name from coast to coast;

Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone fighter feel alone no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again;

For all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick bed and share the children's mirth.

O Son of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless thee for thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of thee, their Chief.

John Ellerton, 1826–1883: line 11 varied. Written originally for the day of St. Barnabas and containing two more stanzas, 5 and 6. Lines 11 and 13 varied.

Be not slow to visit a sick man; for by such things thou shalt gain love.
Ecclus. vii. 35.

Can love live on in us, yet fade
In all things else that God has made ?

HOPE FOR THE HUMBLE

They sin who tell us love can die.

What has he done that he should end
  His days forsaken and alone,
Never again to see a friend,
  Or hear the old familiar tone?
It is a sorry wage, I trow,
For all the love his life could show!

What has he done to earn a fate
  Like this, beyond expression sad?
Behind these bars most desolate
  He broods—yet once his life was glad—
His joyous bark rang loud and clear
When his dear master's step drew near.

And now he meekly bears his pain,
  Deep sadness clouds his wistful eyes;
He listens for that step in vain,
  From dawn until the daylight dies.
Nor ever on his ear will fall
The voice he loved the best of all.

Unutterable pathos dwells
  In that mute grief, that far-off gaze;
His dazed, lost look too plainly tells
  Of vanished friends, of happier days!
Through that poor brain half crazed with woe
Float pictures of the long ago.

But who will dare to say that he
  Will know no other life above;
Nor reap beyond the shoreless sea
  The guerdon of his faithful love?
Such hope will animate the breast,
And to his God we leave the rest.

Frederick Bazett Doveton (1885). Suggested by a picture called 'The Outcast': stanza 5 omitted.

Farewell, most loyal friend, we needs must part:
Faithful and true thou wast, and still thou art;
Not death itself shall break so dear a bond,
For love is passport to the life beyond.

M. G. B.

Τὸ πάντων σε δεσπόζειν πάντων φείδεσθαι ποιεῖ.

Wisdom xii. 16.

The Poet in the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn' says 'with an impassioned cry As one who feels the words he speaks,'

Among the noblest in the land,
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honour and revere
Who, without favour, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast,
And tames with his unflinching hand
The brutes that wear our form and face,
The were-wolves of the human race.

Longfellow.

The experimental tortures which are inflicted upon poor guiltless animals are said to be for the furtherance and improvement of science. Granted. . . . There are also other short cuts to interest in the world, about the honesty or justice of which it becomes us to be silent. It has been said that the world could not have either gold, sugar, or coals, but at the expense of human blood and human liberty. The world in that case ought not to have either gold, sugar, or coals.

John Lawrence.

I could think he was one of those
who would break their jest on the dead,
And mangle the living dog
that had loved him and fawned at his knee—
Drenched with the hellish oorali—
that ever such things should be!

Tennyson.

THE DOG TO THE MAN

If this be right, if my devotion, love,
No mercy claim, only this dreadful end,
If thou art justified by Him above
In mocking thus the faith of thy poor friend:
Then, Man, when thou, trusting in righteousness,
Passest to judgement, all earth's science vain,
The God thou hast relied on, pledged to bless,
May justly doom thee to eternal pain.

Frances Power Cobbe.

CCCXXXIV

Be ye merciful, even as your Father is merciful. Luke vi. 36.

Almighty Father! who dost give
The breath of life to all that live,
To thee we turn, amazed, afraid,
From thee alone we look for aid.

Human progress is one steady march in one straight direction, the extension of the shield of might over the weak and the defenceless.

In open day, in silent night,
In sunshine, torch-glare, soft moonlight,
In Christian lands, thy creatures groan,
Or writhe and die, forbid to moan.

And Christian men, for want of thought,
Check not the evil daily wrought:
O gentle Shepherd of the sheep,
Awake strong hearts from selfish sleep.

Sinful, man turns to thee for grace,
And finds it ever; in man's face
The sinless beast looks in its pain,
Thou only knowst how oft in vain.

**Detested sport,
That owes
its pleasure
to another's
pain.**
Cowper.

Therefore to thee we humbly bend;
For thou alone canst succour send;
Author of life, to thee we pray
For all defenceless lives to-day.

Mrs. Edward Phillips (1882): 2 stanzas are here omitted.

Pain in man
Bears the high mission of the flail and fan:
In brutes 'tis purely piteous. *Sir Henry Taylor.*

Cruel is the tiger of the woods, and the bear robbed of her whelps is cruel, but there is in the heart of man a cruelty deeper than that. *Carlyle.*

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these. (A.V.)

How long, O Lord, how long
Shall man abuse the power he holds from thee,
Vexing thy creatures with outrageous wrong
And studied cruelty?

Ah! He Himself has borne
The pangs of throbbing flesh and death-dimmed eyes:
What though his brow now lacks the pointed thorn?
He still can sympathise!

And He whose zeal forbore
To hurt the harmless cagèd doves that day
He drove the traders from the temple floor,
And swept their gains away,

Judgement is without mercy to him that hath shewed no mercy.

Now sits upon the throne
To bless his creatures, man and beast and bird,
And by his listening ear the lowest moan
Uttered on earth is heard.

But how dare ye appear,
O merciless, before the mercy-seat?
Ye showed no pity—what shall ye find here
At your just Maker's feet!

Richard Wilton, 1827–1903: stanzas 1, 7, 8, 9, 12.

A horse misused upon the road
Cries to heaven for human blood.

William Blake.

PHILAUTOS. I bought the beast with my money; it is my property, and I may use it as I will.

PHILOZOOS. It is true that you bought him; it is true that he is your property: but you bought him under a limitation, for you could not purchase the right to use him with cruelty and injustice. Man could not make conveyance of such a right. Nor would God, the Eternal Justice.

John Lawrence, 1753–1839: condensed.

Mine is no narrow creed.
And he who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man.

Southey.

CCCXXXV

Here shall thy proud waves be stayed.
Job xxxviii. 11.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

Thou rulest the raging of the sea.

O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;

O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who badst its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1825–1878 (1860).

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on his return from Newfoundland in 1583, chose to sail in his smallest vessel, the 'Squirrel,' to reassure his men. One of his three ships was lost, and during the fierceness of the gale he was seen by those on the other vessel 'sitting abaft with a book in his hand; and he cried out to them on the 'Hind,' so oft as they did approach within hearing. 'Courage, my friends, we are as near heaven by sea as by land,' and these were the last words he was heard to speak.

CCCXXXVI

The wind and the sea obey him.
Mark iv.

The sea is His and He made it.

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep;
Watch did thine anxious servants keep,
But thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
'O save us in our agony!'
Thy word above the storm rose high,
'Peace, be still.'

He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
'Peace, be still.'

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823 (1861).

QUESTION: How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?
Jeremiah xii. 5.

ANSWER: When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. *Isaiah xliii. 2.*

CCCXXXVII

That where I am, they also may be with me.
John xvii. 24.

O God, from thee we would not stray;
Reveal to us thyself, the Way!
Recall us, claim us when we roam;
Thou art our country and our home.

With thee, in thee, alone is rest;
Thou art our East, and thou our West:
Our little lives of thine are part;
No boundaries bar us from thy heart.

Through starless night, through mist and gale,
Thou art the shore toward which we sail;
We bid farewell to friends most kind,
But never leave thy love behind.

And none are alien, none are strange,
Met in the love that cannot change;
We all are brethren in thy Son—
The Father and the children one!

Lucy Larcom, 1826–1893.

THOU ART THERE

And fear no more for me: or, if you fear.
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is he not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? If I flee to these.
Can I go from him? And the sea is his;
The sea is his: he made it.

Tennyson, Enoch Arden.

Give all thou canst: high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.

Wordsworth.

ST. PAUL'S MESSAGE TO THE RICH

Charge them that are rich in this present world, that they be not highminded, nor have their hope set on the uncertainty of riches, but on God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, that they be ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on the life which is life indeed.

1 Tim. vi. 17–19.

Be thrifty, but not covetous. Therefore give
  Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
  Then live, and use it: else, it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Yet in thy striving still misdoubt some evil;
  Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil,
  Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.
Gold thou mayst safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

George Herbert.

Money is like muck, not good except it be spread.

Jeremy Bettenham.

ΜΗ ΓΙΝΟΥ ΠΡΟΣ ΜΕΝ ΤΟ ΛΑΒΕΙΝ ΕΚΤΕΙΝΩΝ ΤΑΣ ΧΕΙΡΑΣ, ΠΡΟΣ ΔΕ ΤΟ ΔΟΥΝΑΙ ΣΥΣΠΩΝ

Sin will thrust itself in between buying and selling.

Ecclesiasticus. xxvii. 2.

A PRAYER FOR HIM THAT BUYS AND SELLS

Let me not be one of those buyers and sellers whom thy Son Jesus thrust out of the Temple: but rather one of those merchants that sell all to follow thee. And since to love our neighbour is fulfilling of the Law, give me grace that I may be counted as no breaker of that Law, but a keeper of it sound, dealing justly with all men. And for that purpose let not mine eye look upon false weights, nor my hand be held out to take up an uneven balance. He loseth a piece of his soul every time, that robbeth his chapman of his measure: and he that unjustly gaineth but thirty pence, selleth like Judas even his master Christ.

Thomas Dekker.

There walks Judas, he who sold
Yesterday his Lord for gold,
Sold God's presence in his heart
For a proud step in the mart;
He hath dealt in flesh and blood,
At the bank his name is good,
At the bank, and only there,
'Tis a marketable ware.
In his eyes that stealthy gleam
Was not learned of sky or stream,
But it has the cold, hard glint
Of new dollars from the mint.
Open now your spirit's eyes,
Look through that poor clay disguise
Which has thickened, day by day,
Till it keeps all light at bay,
And his soul, in pitchy gloom,
Gropes about its narrow tomb,
From whose dank and slimy walls
Drop by drop the horror falls.
Look! a serpent lank and cold
Hugs his spirit fold on fold:
From his heart, all day and night,
It doth suck God's blessed light.
Drink it will, and drink it must,
Till the cup holds naught but dust,
Till the spirit ebbs away
Into the absorbing clay,
Buried, beyond hope of light,
In the body's haunted night.

Lowell.

Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

Luke xii. 20 (A.V.)

ΓΙΝΕΣΘΕ ΔΟΚΙΜΟΙ ΤΡΑΠΕΖΙΤΑΙ

Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

Luke xii. 15.

To get good, is animal: to do good, is human: to be good, is divine. The true use of a man's possessions is to help his work: and the best end of all his work is to shew us what he is. The noblest workers of our world bequeath us nothing so great as the image of themselves. Their task, be it ever so glorious, is historical and transient; the majesty of their spirit is essential and eternal.

Martineau.

Do good unto thy friend before thou die, and according to thy ability stretch out thy hand and give to him. —*Ecclesiasticus xiv. 13.*

The Interpreter takes Christiana and her company apart again and has them first into a room, where was a Man that could look no way but downwards, with a muckrake in his hand. There stood also one over his head, with a Celestial Crown in his hand, and proffered to give him that Crown for his muckrake; but the man did neither look up, nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor.

Bunyan: Pilgrim's Progress.

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific. *Milton.*

Ἱδρωσάτω ἡ ἐλεημοσύνη σου εἰς τὰς χεῖράς σου, μεχρὶς ἂν γνῷς τίνι δῷς.

From the Agrapha.

My son, defraud not the poor of his living and make not the needy eyes to wait long.

Ecclesiasticus iv. 1.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot: both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour His:
Write, So much given to God: thou shalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee; or both may come too late.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still:
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

George Herbert.

Nature, when her scorn of a slave is divinest, and blazes like the blinding lightning against his slavehood, often enough flings him a bag of money, silently saying: 'That! Away; thy doom is that!'

Carlyle.

A horse is no wealth to us if we cannot ride, nor a picture if we cannot see, nor can any noble thing be wealth except to a noble person. *Ruskin.*

Usefulness is the rent we pay for room in the world.

Untraced.

The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee till the morning.

Leviticus xix. 13.

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Through future time by power of thought.

Tennyson.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will;
A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent:
Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fullness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Tennyson.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

Milton.

Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great.

Tennyson.

CCCXXXVIII

England! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that, when to-morrow comes,
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.
Now before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth;
England! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-hearted, unafraid,
Hither all thy heroes came;
On these altar-steps were laid
Gordon's life, and Outram's fame:
England! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou, when morning comes,
Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
Joyful hear the trumpets call.
Then let Memory tell thy heart,
'England! what thou wert, thou art!'
Gird thee with thine ancient might,
Forth, and God defend the Right!

Henry Newbolt, b. 1862; stanza 3 omitted, and line 19 varied.

GLORY SOUGHT IS HONOUR LOST

CCCXXXIX

And all the people shouted and said, God save the king.
1 Sam, x. 24.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
  God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
  God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
  Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
  God save the King.

Author not certainly known, perhaps Henry Carey: 1743 and 1745. Stanza 2 omitted. The following stanza may be sung in time of war:—

Lord, let war's tempest cease;
Fold all the world in peace
  Under thy wings:
Make all the nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun.
Till thou shalt reign alone
  Great King of kings.

Οπου ζῆν
ἐστιν, ἐκεῖ
καὶ εὖ ζῆν·
ἐν αὐλῇ δὲ
ζῆν ἐστιν·
ἔστιν ἄρα καὶ
εὖ ζῆν
ἐν αὐλῇ.

Even in a palace life may be led well!
So spake the imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius.
Even in a palace! On his truth sincere,
Who spoke these words, no shadow ever came:
And when my ill-schooled spirit is aflame
Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I'll stop, and say: 'There were no succour here!
The aids to noble life are all within!'

Matthew Arnold.

The King will follow Christ, and we the King
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.

Tennyson.

CCCXL

What great nation is there, that hath a god so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is whensoever we call upon him?
Deut. iv. 7.

Lord, thou hast been favourable unto thy land.

God bless our native land;
God's all-protecting hand
  Still guard her shore;
Till peace her sway extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
  On war no more.

Lord God, our monarch bless;
Girded with righteousness
  Long may he reign!
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
Throned on a nation's love
  His power maintain.

Break, Lord, all lawless might;
Founded in truth and right
  Stablish our laws;
God of all equity,
Set thou the captive free;
Give the poor liberty,
  Judge thou his cause.

Nor on this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
  From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
All men should brothers be,
One league, one family,
  One, the world o'er.

William Edward Hickson, 1803–1870 (1836): much varied

CCCXLI

How long, O Master, the holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?
Rev. vi. 10.

When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations:
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away,
Their heritage a sunless day;
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
'No,' say thy mountains; 'No,' thy skies;
'Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise;
And songs ascend instead of sighs.'
God save the people!

When wilt thou save the people,
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; thine they are,
Thy children, as thine angels fair;
Save them from bondage and despair!
God save the people!

Ebenezer Elliot, 1781–1849.

Dein Schicksal ruht in deiner eignen Brust.
Schiller.

CCCXLII

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation; And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
Psalm li. 14.

O Lord of life and death, we come
  In sorrow to thy throne,
Yet not bewildered, blind, and dumb,
  Before some power unknown.

The scourge is in our Father's hand;
  The plague comes forth from thee:
O give us hearts to understand,
  And faith thy ways to see.

Forgive the foul neglect that brought
  Thy chastening to our door,
The homes uncleansed, the souls untaught,
  Thy unregarded poor.

The slothful ease, the greed of gain,
  The wasted years, forgive;
Purge out our sins by needful pain,
  Then turn, and bid us live.

So shall the lives for which we plead
  Be spared to praise thee still,
And we, from fear and danger freed,
  Be strong to do thy will.

John Ellerton, 1829–1893 (Oct. 20, 1871): line 12 varied.

[Know thou] that wrong with wrong partakes,
  That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
  His brother's sin his own.

Whittier.

Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these least, ye did it not unto me.

CCCXLIII

That good land which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance. **Deut. iv. 21.**

I have given Egypt as thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee.

Praise to our God whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,
A garden fenced with silver sea;
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

Praise to our God! Through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast;
Through wars and perils, toils and tears,
That brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God! His chastening stern
Our evil dross shall throughly burn;
His rod and staff from age to age
Shall rule and guide his heritage.

John Ellerton, 1826–1893; stanzas 3, 4, 5 are here omitted: lines 7, 8, 9, 10 varied.

A PRAYER FOR ENGLAND

Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp
From seaweed fringe to mountain heather,
The British Oak with rooted grasp
Her scanty handful holds together.
With cliffs of white and bowers of green,
And ocean narrowing to caress her,
And hills and threaded streams between,
Our little mother-isle, God bless her.

O. W. Holmes.

This precious stone set in the silver sea.

Shakespeare.

CCCXLIV

If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.
Exodus xxxiii. 15.

O Lord of hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring:
To every arm thy strength impart;
Thy Spirit shed through every heart.

Remember the former things of old . . . remember this and shew yourselves men.

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that armed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving thee.

Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovran Lord!
In thy dread name we draw the sword;
Fill thou with light our troubled sky;
For thee we lift our flag on high.

Only be valiant and fight the Lord's battle.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, Praise to thee!

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809–1894 (1861): the fifth stanza is here omitted, and lines 6, 15, 16 are varied.

Ea caritas patriae est, ut tam ignominia eam, quam morte nostra, si opus sit, servemus. *Livy.*

CCCXLV

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.
Psalm cxxii. 7.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind!
Long our island throne has stood,
Lines 1, 2, 7, 8 form a refrain. Planted on the ocean flood;
Crowned with rock, and girt with sea,
Home and refuge of the free:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Him, in homely English tongue,
Epic lay and lyric song,
Shakespeare's myriad-minded verse,
Milton's heavenly strains, rehearse:

Soldiers tried in every clime,
Sailors famous through all time,
Hands of iron, hearts of oak,
Baffle Fortune's fiercest stroke:

Science, with her thousand eyes,
Sunless mine and starlit skies
Probes and pierces far and near,
Man's estate to guide and cheer:

Hither, in our heathen night,
Came of yore the Gospel light,
Opening wide the hallowed page,
Kindling hope in saint and sage:

Breaking with a gracious hand
Ancient error's subtle band;
By the Saviour's sacred story
'Angles' turned to Angels' glory:

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, 1815–1881; five out of eight stanzas published in 1873, and entitled 'Hymn for the Accession, June 20: an accommodation of Milton's version of the 136th Psalm.' Lines 16, 23 varied.

CCCXLVI

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.
Psalm xxxiii. 12.

O Lord Almighty, thou whose hands
Despair and victory give;
In whom, though tyrants tread their lands,
The souls of Nations live;

Thou wilt not turn thy face away
From those who work thy will,
But send thy peace on hearts that pray,
And guard thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,
The hands with rapine dyed,
The wavering will, the baser aim,
The brute material pride:

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,
The spirits humbly brave,
The strength that died defying death,
The love that loved the slave:

The race that strove to rule thine earth
With equal laws unbought;
Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth,
And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,
Thy dark eternal mind
Through lives of men that fear not man
Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn thy face away
From those who work thy will,
But send thy strength on hearts that pray
For strength to serve thee still.

Henry Newbolt, b. 1862.

There is no king saved by the multitude of an host.
Psalm xxxiii. 16.

O doom of overlordships! to decay
First at the heart, the eye scarce dimmed at all;
Or perish of much cumber and array,
The burdening robe of empire, and its pall;
Or, of voluptuous hours the wanton prey,
Die of the poisons that most sweetly slay; . . .
Far off from her that bore us be such fate,
And vain against her gate
Its knocking. But by chinks and crannies, Death,
Forbid the doorways, oft-times entereth.
Let her drink deep of discontent, and sow
Abroad the troubling knowledge. Let her shew
Whence glories come, and wherefore glories go,
And what indeed are glories . . .
For now the day is unto them that know,
And not henceforth she stumbles on the prize;
And yonder march the nations full of eyes.
Already is doom a-spinning, if unstirred
In leisure of ancient pathways she lose touch
Of the hour, and overmuch
Recline upon achievement, and be slow
To take the world arriving, and forget
How perilous are the stature and port that so
Invite the arrows, how unslumbering all
The hates that watch and crawl.
Nor must she, like the others, yield up yet
The generous dreams! but rather live to be
Saluted in the hearts of men as she
Of high and singular election, set
Benignant on the mitigated sea;
That greatly loving freedom loved to free,
And was herself the bridal and embrace
Of strength and conquering grace.

William Watson: from his Ode on the Coronation of Edward VII, 1902.

CCCXLVII

For all the armour of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall even be for burning, for fuel of fire. Isaiah ix. 5.

O Lord of Hosts, who didst upraise
  Strong captains to defend the right
In darker years and sterner days,
  And armedst Israel for the fight:
Thou madest Joshua true and strong,
And David framed the battle-song.

And must we battle yet? must we,
  Who bear the tender name divine,
Still barter life for victory,
  Still glory in the crimson sign?
The Crucified between us stands,
And lifts on high his wounded hands.

Lord, we are weak and wilful yet,
  The fault is in our clouded eyes;
But thou, through anguish and regret,
  Dost make thy faithless children wise:
Through wrong, through hate, thou dost approve
The far-off victories of love.

And so from out the heart of strife
  Diviner echoes peal and thrill:
The scorned delights, the lavished life,
  The pain that serves a nation's will;
Thy comfort stills the mourner's cries,
And love is crowned by sacrifice.

As rains that weep the clouds away,
  As winds that leave a calm in heaven,
So let the slayer cease to slay,
  Passion be healed, and wrath forgiven;
Then nearer draw, bid tumult cease,
Redeemer, Saviour, Prince of Peace!

Arthur Christopher Benson, b. 1862: lines 28, 29 varied.

CCCXLVIII

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, So the Lord is round about his people, From this time forth and for evermore.
Psalm cxxv. 2.

God the All-terrible! King, who ordainest
Great winds thy clarions, the lightnings thy sword,
Shew forth thy pity on high where thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent! mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Doom us not now in the moment of danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Meekness and mercy, and slighted thy word:
Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-righteous One! man hath defied thee,
Yet to eternity standeth thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the All-wise! by the fire of thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored:
Through the thick darkness thy kingdom is hastening
Thou wilt give peace in thy time, O Lord!

Stanzas 1–3 are by Henry Fothergill Chorley, 1808–1872 (1842); 4 and 5 by John Ellerton. Lines 7, 10 varied. The following may be sung in times of menace:

But if the battle-clouds gather around us,
And if this time be not thy time, O Lord,
Let not the rage of the nations confound us,
Let us for liberty strike with the sword.

Over the red field strode an armèd knight:
Men knew him not: but, when the fray did cease,
God's angel stooped to bless victorious Right,
And bade the hero's name henceforth be Peace.

W. J. Linton.

CCCXLIX

Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: The remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain. Psalm lxxvi. 10 (A.V.)

I dreamed of Freedom slowly gained
  By martyr meekness, patience, faith,
And lo! an athlete grimly stained,
With corded muscles battle-strained,
  Shouting it from the fields of death!

I turn me, awestruck, from the sight,
  Among the clamouring thousands mute;
I only know that God is right,
And that the children of the light
  Shall tread the darkness underfoot.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,
  That sultry skies the bolt will form
To smite them clear; that Nature must
The balance of her powers adjust,
  Though with the earthquake and the storm.

God reigns; and let the earth rejoice!
  I bow before his sterner plan:
Dumb are the organs of my choice;
He speaks in battle's stormy voice,
  His praise is in the wrath of man!

Yet surely as he lives, the day
  Of peace he promised shall be ours,
To fold the flags of war, and lay
Its sword and spear to rust away,
  And sow its ghastly fields with flowers.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893 (1860): stanzas 2–6 from his poem on 'Italy.'

CCCL

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. Psalm xx. 7 (A.V.)

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law,
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling, b. 1865: written after the Naval Review, June 26, 1897, held to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession on June 20, 1837.

Beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God; . . . lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein; and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied; then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God; . . . and thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth.

CCCLI

But who may abide the day of his coming?
Malachi iii. 2.

We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God recast
And mould anew the nation.
Hot burns the fire
Where wrongs expire;
Nor spares the hand
That from the land
Uproots the ancient evil.

What though the cast-out spirit tear
The nation in his going?
We, who have shared the guilt, must share
The pang of his o'erthrowing!
Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that leans on his right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If he its part has taken?
Though wild and loud
And dark the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow?

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing;
Before the joy of peace must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure, and wait, and labour.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893.

When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

Job xxiii. 10.

CCCLII

Thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.
Luke xix. 44.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide.
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side:
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right.
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word:
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne:
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown.
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of Fate:
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within:
'They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.'

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause brings fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves;
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime:
Was the *Mayflower* launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks to Past or Future, that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

James Russell Lowell, 1819–1893 (Dec. 1845): stanzas 5, 8, 9, 11, 15, 18 from the Present Crisis.

Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old.—*Isaiah xliii. 18.*

'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die. *Emerson.*

ΟΥΚ ΑΝ ΔΙΣ ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ ΠΟΤΑΜΟΝ ΕΜΒΑΙΗΣ

CCCLIII

I have trodden the winepress alone: and of the peoples there was no man with me: yea, I trod them in mine anger, and trampled them in my fury; and their lifeblood is sprinkled upon my garments, and I have stained all my raiment.

Isaiah lxiii. 3.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword,
His Truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His Day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
'As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:'
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his Judgement-seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Sent he not a fire among us, he himself, our gracious Lord?
Came he not—himself hath said it—Prince of Peace, to send a sword?
Died he not? and shall his servants grudge to let their blood be poured?
For God is marching on.

Yea, he sent a sword to smite us, whole and sound that we might be;
Yea, he sent a fire to cleanse us clean for all eternity;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe, b. 1819 (1860): written on the outbreak of the American Civil War, and called 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.' Lines 17–22 are an insertion.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of human-kind.

Tennyson.

Ο ΕΓΓΥΣ ΜΟΥ ΕΓΓΥΣ ΤΟΥ ΠΥΡΟΣ

Around I see
The powers that be;
I stand by Empire's primal springs;
And princes meet
In every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

Not lightly fall
Beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act
Of freedom is the freeman's vote!

Look from the sky,
Like God's great eye,
Thou solemn sun, with searching beam;
Till in the sight
Of thy pure light
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts
Unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;
And smite away
The hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims
And private aims,
Reveal the august face of Truth,
Whereto are given
The age of heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one!

John Greenleaf Whittier: selected stanzas.
Line 15 varied.

CCCLIV

Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Isaiah lx. 20.

The seeds of godlike power are in us still.

Who will say the world is dying?
Who will say our prime is past?
Sparks from heaven within us lying
Flash, and will flash till the last.
Fools, who fancy Christ mistaken,
Man a tool to buy and sell,
Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
Ante-room of hell!

Still the race of hero-spirits
Pass the lamp from hand to hand;
Age from age the words inherits,
Wife, and child, and fatherland:
Still the youthful hunter gathers
Fiery joy from wold and wood;
He will dare as dared his fathers,
Give him cause as good.

While a slave bewails his fetters;
While an orphan pleads in vain;
While an infant lisps his letters,
Heir of all the ages' gain;
While a hope awaits the morrow;
While a moan from man is wrung;
Know, by every joy and sorrow,
That the world is young.

Charles Kingsley, 1819–1876: lines 21, 23 varied.

Fiercely sweet as stormy springs,
Mighty hopes are blowing wide,
Passionate prefigurings
Of a world re-vivified,
Dawning thoughts that, ere they set,
Shall possess the ages yet.

Watson.

CCCLV

Οὗ ἄν τις ἑαυτὸν τάξῃ ἢ ἡγησάμενος βέλτιστον εἶναι ἢ ὑπ' ἄρχοντος ταχθῇ, ἐνταῦθα δεῖ μένοντα κινδυνεύειν, μηδὲν ὑπολογιζόμενον μήτε θάνατον μήτε ἄλλο μηδὲν πρὸ τοῦ αἰσχροῦ.

Socrates.

Why live, when life is sad,
Death only sweet?
Why fight, when closest fight
Ends in defeat?
Why pray, when purest prayer
Dark thoughts assail?
Why strive, and strive again
Only to fail?

Live—there are many round
Needing thy care;
Pray—there is One at hand
Helping thy prayer:
Fight for the love of God,
Not for renown;
Strive, but in his great strength,
Not in thine own.

He who has framed and brought us hither, Holds in his hands the whence and whither.

Why hope, when life has proved
Our best hope vain?
Why love, when love is fraught
With so much pain?
Why not cool heart and brain
In the deep wave?
Why not lie down and rest
In the still grave?

Hope—there is heaven's joy
Laid up for thee;
Love—for true love outlives
Its agony:
Fight, pray, and wrestle on,
Loving God best;
Then, when thy work is done,
Lie down and rest.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward slinks to death; the brave lives on.

CCCLVI

Yea, I have a goodly heritage. Psalm xvi. 6.

My vineyard that is mine I have to keep,
Pruning for fruit the pleasant twigs and leaves:
Tend thou thy cornfield; one day thou shalt reap
In joy thy ripened sheaves.

Or, if thine be an orchard, graft and prop
Food-bearing trees each watered in its place:
Or, if a garden, let it yield for crop
Sweet herbs and herbs of grace.

'But if my lot be sand where nothing grows?'—
Nay, who hath said it? Tune a thankful psalm:
For, though the desert bloom not as the rose,
It yet can rear thy palm.

Christina Georgina Rossetti, 1830–1894 (1890).

In the reproof of chance Lies the true proof of men.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, 'Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing!'—he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away, and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Edward Rowland Sill.

How many a thing which we cast to the ground,
When others pick it up, becomes a gem!

George Meredith.

CCCLVII

Thy people also shall be all righteous.

Isaiah lx. 21.

Thy kingdom come—on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting Right
The silent stars are strong.

And lo! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near;

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed;

When Knowledge, hand in hand with Peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer, b. 1840.

The crowning race
Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge: under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is nature like an open book;
No longer half-akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped, and suffered, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit.

Tennyson.

Prophecy is more true than History.

P. J. Bailey.

There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear. 1 Cor. x. 13.

Trust not in man with passing breath,
But in the Lord, old Scripture saith;
The truth which saves thou mayst not blend
With false professor, faithless friend.

Search thine own heart. What paineth thee
In others in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek!

Where now with pain thou treadest, trod
The whitest of the saints of God!
To show thee where their feet were set,
The light which led them shineth yet.

The footprints of the life divine,
Which marked their path, remain in thine;
And that great Life, transfused in theirs,
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy prayers!

Whittier.

CCCLVIII

They desire a better country, . . . wherefore God is not ashamed of them. **Hebrews xi. 16.**

To seek is better than to gain;
The fond hope dies as we attain;
Life's fairest things are those which seem;
The best is that of which we dream.

So failure wins: the consequence
Of loss becomes its recompense;
And evermore the end shall tell
The unreached ideal guided well.

Our sweet illusions only die
Fulfilling love's sure prophecy;
And every wish for better things
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

For fate is servitor of love;
Desire and hope and longing prove
The secret of immortal youth,
And Nature cheats us into truth.

O kind allurers, wisely sent,
Beguiling with divine intent,
Still move us, through divine unrest,
To seek the loveliest and the best.

Go with us when our souls go free;
And in the clear white light to be,
Add unto heaven's beatitude
The old delight of seeking good.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the Seeking of the Waterfall: st. 21, 25–29.

The doors of Night may be the gates of Light;
For wert thou born or blind, or deaf, and then
Suddenly healed, how wouldst thou glory in all
The splendours and the voices of the world!
And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet
No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore,
Await the last and largest sense to make
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,
And shew us that the world is wholly fair. *Tennyson.*

CCCLIX

I will turn aside now and see this great sight. Exodus iii. 3.

Sometimes there gleams upon our sight
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right,
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man!

For all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear,
To find the Orient's marvels here:
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon changing wood the Burning Bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then, and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1893, from the Chapel of the Hermits: stanzas 11, 12, 16–18, 94; lines 1, 4, 5, 12 varied.

Tread softly, all the earth is holy ground!
It may be, could we look with seeing eyes,
This spot we stand on is a Paradise
Where dead have come to life and lost been found,
Where Faith has triumphed, Martyrdom been crowned,
Where fools have foiled the wisdom of the wise;
From this same spot the dust of saints may rise,
And the King's prisoners come to light unbound.

Christina Rossetti.

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palm-Trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

Henry Vaughan, 1621—1695.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily further from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

. . . . . .

What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind!
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

William Wordsworth, 1770—1850.

Come back! come back!
Back flies the foam; the hoisted flag streams back,
The long smoke wavers on the homeward track;
Back fly with winds things which the winds obey,—
The strong ship follows its appointed way.

A. H. Clough.

He that wonders shall reign, and he that reigns shall rest.

From the Agrapha.

Tell me not that affection is blind, and magnifies its object in the dark. Affection blind! I say there is nothing else that can see, that can find its way through the winding of the soul it loves, and know how its graces lie. The Cynic thinks that all the fair look of our humanity is on the outside, inasmuch as each mind will put on its best dress for company; and if *there* he detects some littleness and weakness, which perhaps his own cold eye brings to the surface, there can be only what is worse within. Dupe that he is of his own wit! he has not found out, that all the evil spirits of human nature flock to him; that his presence brings them to the surface from their recesses in every heart, and drives the blessed angels to hide themselves away: for who would own a reverence, who tell a tender grief, before that hard ungenial gaze? Wherever he moves, he empties the space around him of its purest elements: with his low thought he roofs it over from the heavenly light and the sweet air; and then complains of the world as a close-breathed and stifling place. It is not the critic, but the lover, who can know the real contents and scale of a human life: and that interior estimate, as it is the truer, is always the higher: the closest look becomes the gentlest too; and domestic faith, struck by bereavement, easily transfigures the daily familiar into an image congenial with a brighter world.

Martineau.

Ο ΘΑΥΜΑΣΑΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣΕΙ
ΚΑΙ Ο ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣΑΣ ΑΝΑΠΑΥΘΗΣΕΤΑΙ

CCCLX

Son, thou art ever with me.

Luke xv. 31.

Das Sehen muss gelernt sein.

We pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine!

Lo, here! Lo, there! no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of thy presence, Lord,
That, seamless, covers all.

We turn from seeking thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

And if thy rarer comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy should mingle with the faith
That feels thee ever near!

And not the less shall hearts be pure,
Nor less shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer, b. 1840: line 13 varied.

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes:
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Tennyson.

My thoughts are higher than your thoughts.
Isaiah lv. 9.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half: trust God: see all nor be afraid!'

Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work' must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price:
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped:
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

So, take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

Robert Browning, 1812–1889; from Rabbi Ben Ezra. Stanzas 1, 23–25, 32.

All we have done or nobly failed in doing,
All we have been or bravely striven to be,
Makes for our gain within us still surviving
As power and larger possibility.

F. L. Hosmer.

Among all natures that can speak together of duty and righteousness, and exchange ideas of the right and wrong, there must prevail one system of values, one metrical notation; failing this, there could be no commerce of thought or sentiment. Hence we can neither deny to faithful, heroic, and holy men, to a Socrates, a Marcus Aurelius, a Blaise Pascal, an approach to Christ upon the same line, nor claim for Him any pre-eminence that removes them from his fellowship. But neither can we speak otherwise of God Himself. He also, with all the infinitude of his perfections, is still but the Father of Spirits, and on the side of moral goodness differing from his children only in degree: however vast the interval, it is one on which movement never ceases to be possible: THE OBEDIENCE OF THE LITTLE CHILD THAT TELLS THE TRUTH OR KEEPS HIS WORD AND SUFFERS, IS AKIN TO THE FIDELITY OF GOD WHO WILL NOT BREAK HIS PROMISE TO THE UNIVERSE.

Martineau.

Man's word is God in man.

Tennyson.

Qui mala non permutat, in bonis non perseverat.

Bacon.

We pray against the tempest and the strife,
The storm, the whirlwind, and the troublous hour
Which vex the fretful element of life.
Me rather save, O dread dispensing Power,
From those dead calms, that flat and hopeless lull,
In which the dull sea rots around the bark,
And nothing moves save the sure-creeping dark
That slowly settles o'er an idle hull.

Owen Meredith.

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease.
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

Tennyson.

The older error is, it is the worse;
Continuation may provoke a curse:
If the Dark Age obscured our fathers' sight,
Must their sons shut their eyes against the light?

Ken.

He that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils. For Time is the greatest innovator; and if Time of course altars things to the worse, and wisdom and council shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end? It were good, therefore, that men in their innovations would follow the example of Time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived.

Bacon.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Tennyson.

Morosa moris retentio res turbulenta est aeque ac nobitas.

Bacon.

CCCLXI

The end is not yet.

Luke xxi. 9.

Moaning your losses, O Earth,
Heart-weary and overdone!
But all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun.

He is racing from heaven to heaven,
And less will be lost than won,
For all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun.

The Reign of the Meek upon earth,
O weary one, has it begun?
But all's well that ends well,
Whirl and follow the Sun.

For moans will have grown sphere-music,
Or ever your race be run!
And all's well that ends well,
Whirl, and follow the Sun.

Alfred Tennyson, Aug. 6. 1809–Oct. 6, 1892 (September 1892).
This was his last completed poem.

God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

Browning.

The goal of this great world
Lies beyond sight.

Tennyson.

Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

2 Timothy ii. 3 (A.V.)

Nothing can be more offensive to a good mind than the eagerness to claim, for some portions of our time, a kind of holiday-escape from the presence of duty and the consecration of pure affections; to thrust off all noble thoughts and sacred influences into the most neglected corner of existence; and drive away Religion as if it were a haggard necromancer that must some time come, instead of a guardian angel that must never go. It were shameful to sanction the low-minded sentiment which so often says of *early* life, that it is the time for enjoyment—and makes this an excuse for dispensing with everything else, and declining all demands upon the hardness of 'the good soldier of Jesus Christ.' According to the canons of this wretched criticism, Life would have no secret unity: it would be no sacred Epic, sung throughout by any constant inspiration; but a monster of incongruity; its first volume a jest book; its second, a table of interest; and its last, a mixture of the satire and the liturgy.

For my own part, I can form no more odious image of human life, than a youth of levity and pleasure, followed by a maturity and age of severity and pietism. Both sights, in this succession, are alike deplorable: a young soul without wonder, without reverence, without tenderness, without inspiration: with superficial mirth, and deep indifference: standing on the threshold of life's awful temple, with easy smile, without uncovered head, or bended knee, or breathless listening! Is that the time, do you say, for enjoyment! Yes:—and for enthusiasm, for conviction, for depths of affection, and devotedness of will: and if there be no tints of heaven in that morning haze of life, it will be vain to seek them in the staring light of the later noon.

Martineau.

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY

John ix 4.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spirit grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn:
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings :—

'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll:
Leave thy low-vaulted past:
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.'

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809–1894 (1857).

MEN MAY RISE ON STEPPING-STONES OF THEIR DEAD SELVES TO HIGHER THINGS

Tennyson.

THE ANCIENT SAGE SPEAKS:

Let be thy wail and help thy fellow men,
And make thy gold thy vassal, not thy king,
And fling free alms into the beggar's bowl,
And send the day into the darkened heart;
Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men,
A dying echo from a falling wall;
Nor care—for Hunger hath the Evil Eye—
To vex the noon with fiery gems, or fold
Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous-looms;
Nor roll thy bands on a luscious tongue,
Nor drown thyself with flies in honied wine;
Nor thou be rageful, like a handled bee,
And lose thy life by usage of thy sting;
Nor harm an adder through the lust for harm,
Nor make a snail's horn shrink for wantonness;
And more—think well! Do-well will follow thought,
And in the fatal sequence of this world
An evil thought may soil thy children's blood:
But curb the beast would cast thee in the mire,
And leave the hot swamp of voluptuousness
A cloud between the Nameless and thyself,
And lay thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,
And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou
Look higher, then, perchance, thou mayest—beyond
A hundred ever-rising mountain lines
And past the range of Night and Shadow—see
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
Strike on the Mount of Vision!

So, farewell.

Tennyson.

OCCASIONAL PRAYERS

O Lord, our heavenly Father, Almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day: defend us in the same with thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by thy governance, to do always that is righteous in thy sight; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O God, forasmuch as without thee we are not able to please thee; mercifully grant that thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Almighty and most merciful God, of thy bountiful goodness keep us, we beseech thee, from all things that may hurt us; that we, being ready both in body and soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things that thou wouldst have done; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Guide us, O Lord, in all our doings with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in thee, we may glorify thy holy Name, and finally by thy mercy obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; grant unto thy people, that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed: give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give: that both our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also that by thee we, being defended from all evil, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

O Lord, from whom all good things do come; grant to us thy humble servants, that by thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by thy merciful guiding may perform the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth; send thy Holy Spirit, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee: grant this for thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

O God, who hast prepared for them that love thee such good things as pass man's understanding: pour into our hearts such love toward thee, that we, loving thee above all things, may obtain thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Almighty and everlasting God, who, of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility; mercifully grant that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that, like as we do believe thy only-begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ to have ascended into the heavens, so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with him continually dwell, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

SPECIAL PRAYERS

O God, by whose manifold grace all things work together for good to them that love thee; stablish, we pray thee, the thing that thou hast wrought in us, and make this School as a field which the Lord hath blessed; that whatsoever things are true, pure, lovely, and of good report, may here for ever flourish and abound. Preserve in it an unblemished name; enlarge it with a wider usefulness, and exalt it in the love and reverence of all its members, as an instrument of thy glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst sit lowly in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions; grant unto us thy servants both aptness to teach and willingness to learn: who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.

We beseech thee, O Lord, to look favourably upon this School, and to pour thy blessing upon all its members. Grant to each one of us such a measure of thy grace, as may fit us for the duties of our several stations. Help us to order our lives in lowliness and reverence to those above us, in kindness and gentleness to our equals, in forbearance and charity towards all. Grant to those who are in any authority that they may govern without harshness; to those who are in subjection, that they may render obedience and do their duty with good-will. Finally, O Lord, we beseech thee, that having dwelt together here for a season in thy fear and love, we may not be separated hereafter for ever, but may together be received into those everlasting habitations, which thou hast prepared for those who love and serve thee, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

We humbly beseech thee, O Heavenly Father, to give us grace to fulfil our several duties to thy glory. Help those who hold rule amongst us to do so as knowing they have a Master in heaven, with whom is no respect of persons: and let those who are in subjection obey, not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but with good will doing service, as unto the Lord and not unto men, knowing that of the Lord they shall receive the reward of the inheritance. Grant this, O Father, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

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Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.



